

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

MAY, 1896.

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Folk-Lore ex Cathedra.

THE inspiring doctrine of man's essential bestiality has no more enthusiastic and devoted apostle than Mr. Edward Clodd. In furtherance of the bald materialism in which his soul delights, he has not merely produced book after book, wherein zeal takes the place of knowledge, and random rhetoric of argument, but has essayed the bold task of upsetting the laws of Nature, as Sir Isaac Newton disclosed them, and substituting others more to his own taste: for he co-operated with the redoubtable Mr. Grant Allen in evolving a new system of Force and Energy, based upon the most gross and palpable ignorance of the subject to be discussed.¹

It will perhaps seem to many, and those not the worst judges, that the utterances of such a writer deserve no serious attention. But circumstances alter cases, and, astonishing as it may appear, Mr. Clodd now holds for a second term the presidency of the Folk-Lore Society, professedly a learned body, and from the eminence of its chair has delivered a message to the world, which, coming whence it does, may possibly assume an authority in the eyes of some to which on no other ground it is entitled.²

The key-note is struck in no uncertain tone. "Comparative anatomy has not more completely demonstrated the common descent of man and ape, and the consequent classification of man in the order Primates, than comparative anthropology has demonstrated his advance from the animal stage to civilization." That this is true, we are quite prepared to agree; but it must be

¹ It may be remembered that the treatise *Force and Energy*, published in Mr. G. Allen's name, was reviewed by Professor Oliver Lodge, who began by remarking: "There exists a certain class of mind, . . . to which ignorance of a subject offers no sufficient obstacle to the composition of a treatise upon it," and thus summarized his verdict on the work: "The attempt is audacious, and the result—what might have been expected. The performance lends itself to the most scathing criticism; blunders and mis-statements abound on nearly every page, and the whole structure is simply an emanation of mental fog." (*Nature*, Jan. 24, 1889, pp. 289, seq.)

² "Folk-Lore," *Transactions of the Folk-Lore Society*, March, 1896. Presidential Address, Edward Clodd, pp. 35—60.

added, that if anatomy has done no more than, on Mr. Clodd's showing, its sister science of anthropology can achieve, we are very much where we were in the primeval darkness of pre-revolutionary days.

The presidential address before us is devoted to a formal assault upon the position of Christianity, all along the line. The plan of battle is that familiar to all who have any acquaintance with the methods of the self-dubbed scientific school. First, as with an imposing din of cymbals and tom-toms, is thrown forward a cloud of words, sonorous and ear-filling, calculated to strike awe into the hearts of those who, supposing that they must mean something, find themselves unable to gather what their meaning may be.

"The history of superstitions," says Mr. Clodd, "is included in the history of beliefs; the superstitions being the germ plasm of which all beliefs above the lowest are the modified products. Belief incarnates itself in word or act. In the one we have the charm, the invocation, and the dogma; in the other the ritual and ceremony. 'A ritual system,' Professor Robertson Smith remarks, 'must always remain materialistic, even if its materialism is disguised under the cloak of mysticism.' And it is with the incarnated ideas, unconnected with the particular creed in connection with which it [*sic*] finds them, that the folk-lorist deals. His method is that of the biologist. Without bias, without assumptions of relative truth or falsity, he searches into origins, traces variations, compares and classifies, and relates the several families to one ordinal group."

The enemy being now presumably overawed and shaken, what passes for argument is brought into action, our folk-lorist proving his freedom from bias by assuming as a first principle that God is a myth, and man's immortal soul, or aught beyond brute matter, an absurdity; that religion can originate in nothing but the dreams of savages; and that we have only to determine from what particular dream its various articles have severally sprung.

In a conspicuous instance the work is done thus. The little Italian town of Aricia is known to fame, not only as having been Horace's first stage on his way to Brundisium, but as the site of

Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain.

Here grew the golden bough which served Æneas as a passport to the mansions of the dead. The tree whereon it grew was sacred, or divine, and the priest in charge of it participated in its sanctity. This Pontiff, styled *Rex Nemorum*, or King of the Woods, was always a fugitive slave, who entered upon his functions by killing his predecessor, and terminated them by having the same office done for himself. Here, we are told, we have the origin not only of May-poles, May Queens, Free Foresters, and many other popular institutions, but of the central idea of Christianity, and of the practices founded upon it. The connection may not seem obvious: Mr. Clodd shall elucidate it.

"The sum of it," he tells us, "is this. The god becomes incarnate in man, animal, or plant, and is slain; both the incarnation and the death being for the benefit of mankind. The god is his own sacrifice, and in perhaps the most striking form, . . . he is, as corn-spirit, killed in the person of his representative; the passage in this mode of incarnation to the custom of eating bread sacramentally being obvious. The fundamental idea of the sacramental act, . . . is that by eating a thing its physical and mental qualities are acquired. So the barbaric mind reasons, and extends the action to all beings. To quote Mr. Frazer:¹ 'By eating the body of the god he shares in the god's attributes and powers. And when the god is a corn-god, the corn is his proper body; when he is a vine-god, the juice of the grape is his blood; and so by eating the bread and drinking the wine, the worshipper partakes of the real body and blood of his god. Thus the drinking of wine in the rites of a wine-god like Dionysus is not an act of revelry; it is a solemn sacrament.'"

It is difficult to treat this kind of thing seriously. The evidence collected by Mr. Frazer, upon which Mr. Clodd wholly relies, is gathered in many regions, from China to Peru; but there is one nation, and that precisely the most important, concerning which we hear nothing. From first to last, we do not meet even with the name of the Jews. Yet, as an historical fact, Christianity sprang from Judaism, basing alike its claims and its doctrines upon those Hebrew Scriptures wherein the beliefs and practices, which we are asked to regard as its vital principle, are sternly and relentlessly proscribed. What does it

¹ *The Golden Bough*, i, 89.

avail to quote a rite domiciled at Aricia, in explanation of a religion which originated amid a people for which such rites were accursed? which, moreover, was fiercely persecuted when it showed itself in the land where they prevailed? If the central dogma of the Christian Faith, and the most august of its rites, were but the outgrowth of immemorial superstitions, and testified to an ingrained craving of the mass of men to indulge in such beliefs, how came it to pass, that their full significance proved so foreign to the popular understanding, as to dawn but painfully and gradually upon it, requiring to be discussed and formulated with extreme and laborious care, and on principles diametrically opposed to those which, we are told, lie at the root of the matter?

We are tolerably familiar with the assertion that dogmas are but artificial shackles, forged by theologians to clog the human mind. We may wholly disagree with such a view, and yet understand what it means. On the other hand, the notion of a General Council of grave prelates, largely Orientals and Africans, solemnly interpreting an Aryan myth, in terms of the Bible, looks as if it came straight out of *Alice in Wonderland*, or one of Mr. Gilbert's masterpieces of topsyturvydom, or was elaborated by the mind of ingenuous youth, which finds no difficulty in accounting for the name of the Roman *Rostra*, by the fact that magistrates used the place so designated, and that magistrates are called "Beaks."

In truth, the achievements of folk-lorists of this stamp remind us of nothing so much as those of unscientific or youthful etymologists, who clutch eagerly at some superficial resemblance and unhesitatingly build a conclusion upon it, oblivious of all else. If the fundamental doctrine of the Christian Faith were in reality nothing more than one development of a ghastly and obscene heathen rite, how did it contrive to associate with itself the Sermon on the Mount, or the Parables, or the precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"?

Under the ægis of "Leviathan" Hobbes, Mr. Clodd scatters about various other illustrations of his general point. Venus and Cupid, he says, were the originals of the Virgin and Child. But was there never a Mother and Son in the world besides these? What is there in common between Venus and a virgin? What has her libidinous boy to do with Him who chiefly excites the hostility of certain "philosophers" as the author of that lofty and austere morality which, even more than the laws

of the physical universe, Mr. Grant Allen and Mr. Clodd find objectionable?

In like manner we are told that the Pope borne on the shoulders of the Swiss Guard, is but a relic of the divine honours given to Cæsar. Is the old custom of chairing a member after an election to be similarly explained? If not, why not? If the fact that the ancients used water for lustrations, and kept holidays, and danced, is to be taken as a full and satisfactory explanation of analogous practices in connection with Christianity, are we to say that since young Assyrians and Egyptians threw stones, and played marbles, and played truant, while their elders indulged in alcohol, and loved the chase, the men of our generation are mere unconscious copyists because they do the like? Or, that the rites held sacred to the birch, alike in ancient Rome and modern England, do but perpetuate its immemorial worship, as distilling a sacramental virtue indispensable for boys?

The obvious truth is, that by such methods as Mr. Clodd affects, it is possible to prove anything under the sun. It is no more difficult to trace anything we like to ancient myth or legend, than after the fashion of Mr. Grant Allen to spin an evolutionary pedigree for a buttercup or a robin-redbreast.

Is it not self-evident, for example, that what to superficial minds might appear to be the newest of our *cults*, culminating annually on Primrose Day, is in truth one of the oldest in the world; none other than that devoted, time out of mind, to honouring the Genius, and lamenting the loss of Youth, which, ever inevitable, seems ever premature? Under various attractive aspects, Youth was typified—in Assyria as Tammuz, in Egypt as Horus, in Greece and Rome as Adonis, Endymion, Hyacinthus, or Narcissus. For our own race, it is personified by a figure—confessedly Oriental—of perennial juvenility, the champion and panegyrist of the Young, essentially an “Adonis,” with hyacinthine locks, the creator of *Endymion*—above all, the life and soul of those who claimed to be “Young England,” and had their claim allowed. It was this identification with the object deep seated in the hearts of men, that gave him his mysterious power: to counteract which his great antagonist had perforce to associate his own name with the *Juventus Mundi*.

Plain as all this is, the features of the *cult* itself are yet more remarkable. Typical representatives of Youth are habitually transfigured as flowers, and, specifically, flowers of

spring. Adonis passed into the anemone ; Hyacinthus into the hyacinth ; Narcissus into the daffodil. In our land, there could be no question as to what blossom was most appropriate, for one, pre-eminently, is identified with the vernal season, alike of the year and of human life, with the "primrose path of dalliance," and the "primrose fancies of the boy."

Such an explanation alone can rationally account, alike for the marvellous rapidity with which a seemingly novel doctrine has caught on, and for the precise character of its mystic rites. The "women weeping for Tammuz," spoken of by the Prophet, the *mulieres plangentes Adonidem* of the Latin version, are thus perceived to have been the Primrose Dames of the period.

Again, is it not clear to the meanest intelligence that our national hero, Shakespeare, is but a servile reproduction of the ancient Hercules ? The parallel is even closer than that acknowledged to exist between Monmouth and Macedon. Hercules and Shakespeare alike engaged in deer-stealing, the one in Arcady, the other in Arden, and that these are identical who can doubt that compares Virgil's *Bucolics* with *As you like it*—

Forte sub arguta consederat ilice Daphnis,

with

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me ?

Moreover, Shakespeare was a wool-stapler, Hercules spun wool for Omphale : Hercules took the world on his shoulder, alike the sphere of earth and of the starry sky ; Shakespeare was the mainstay of the Globe Theatre, where were gathered, as the commentator of the year 4000 will not fail to remark, both the *beau monde*, and all theatrical stars : Hercules habitually brandished a club ; and this is obviously very much the same as shaking a spear.

It is somewhat curious that Mr. Clodd seems to have but a poor opinion of the Nature Myth theory. The elastic methods followed by the advocates of that "key to all mythologies" are so closely akin to his own, that one might have expected him to regard them with a certain fellow-feeling. Strange to say, he himself suggests that the ease with which an explanation may be furnished upon these principles for anything and everything that has ever happened in history, is fatal to the claims of such a system to serious consideration.

With a little exercise of one's invention [he writes], given also ability to parody, it will be found that many noted events, as well as

the lives of the chief actors in them, yield results comforting to the solar mythologists. [Might we not also read comparative folk-lorists after the type of Mr. Edward Clodd?] Not only the *Volsungs* and the *Iliad*, but the story of the Crusaders and of the conquest of Mexico; not only Arthur and Baldr, but Cæsar and Bonaparte may be readily resolved, as Professor Tyndall says we all shall be, "like streaks of morning cloud into the infinite azure of the past." Dupuis in his researches into the connection between astronomy and mythology, had suggested that Jesus was the sun, and the twelve Apostles the zodiacal signs, and Goldziher, analyzing the records of a remote period, maintains the same concerning Jacob and his twelve sons, while M. Sinart has satisfied himself that Gotama the Buddha is a sun-myth.¹

Who would suppose that a writer who points out with such sweet reasonableness the unscientific assumptions of the Nature Myth school, could himself rest content with any demonstration short of the highest? On a fly-leaf at the beginning of the work just quoted, he has printed, as a sort of profession of faith, the following sentence from Sir Henry Maine:

Unchecked by external truth, the mind of man has a fatal facility for ensnaring, entrapping, and entangling itself. But happily, happily for the human race, some fragment of physical speculation has been built into every false system. Here is the weak point. Its inevitable destruction leaves a breach in the whole fabric, and through that breach the armies of truth march in.

In the light of this suggestion, we have been anxiously on the look out in Mr. Clodd's work for any "fragment of physical speculation," which might be the touch-stone of his orthodoxy. Speculation we have found in abundance, but very little physics; always excepting the general assumption that science has disproved the existence of the spiritual world, and that everything in nature has come into being by a process of evolution. In the absence of more definite physical theories, it is perhaps not unreasonable to gauge the ideas of the President of the Folk-Lore Society upon the nature of evidence and the precise authority which attaches to an historical statement because he has "seen it in print," from the following remarkable passage, in which the italics are not ours, but Mr. Clodd's.

There is no sadder chapter in the annals of this tearful world than this ghastly story of witch-finding and witch-burning. Sprenger computes that during the Christian epoch no less than *nine millions*² of persons,

¹ *Myths and Dreams*. Second Edition, p. 64. 1891.

² A writer in the *Daily Chronicle*, whose style bears a singular resemblance to Mr. Clodd's, discoursing not long since on the edifying theme of Romish superstition

mostly women of the poorer classes, were burned; victims of the survival into relatively civilized times of an illusion which had its source in primitive thought.¹

It is Mark Twain, if we remember aright, who observes about the great tun of Heidelberg that some historians say that thirty couples and others that thirty thousand couples can dance on the top of it at one time. Mr. Clodd's figures are about as reliable. We have always believed that the numbers given for the victims of the witch mania in approved authorities like Soldan and Heppel are enormously exaggerated. Mr. Clodd adopts an estimate which multiplies even this common reckoning by 30. As a contribution towards what astronomers would call "the personal equation" of our folk-lorist, the result is worth remembering. It may be adopted as a constant, expressing the ratio between fact and assumption in most of his other theories.

We should not speak in these terms of the President of a learned society, however much his views were opposed to our own, if we had not satisfied ourselves, by the examination of more than one instance, of the reckless disregard for all evidence and probability with which Mr. Clodd's theories are framed, a recklessness only equalled by the flippancy of his tone in sneering at beliefs which many of his hearers might be presumed to hold sacred. Whether it is worth while to treat such a writer seriously, as before remarked, is not at all clear; but we may take just one example for more detailed examination. It is a fair specimen of the rest.

After citing a passage from Hobbes, already referred to, in which that philosopher draws out sundry parallels between the religious observances of Christianity and paganism, beginning with the reappearance of Venus and Cupid under the guise of the "Virgin Mary and her Sonne," Mr. Clodd proceeds to extend the catalogue by remarking on his own account: "To this may be added, as one of the most striking examples, the transformation of the *Lupercalia* into the feast of the Purification

and intolerance, numbered the victims of the witch mania at 300,000, quoting his figures apparently from the last edition of *Chambers' Encyclopædia*. We believe this estimate to be much over the mark, and so, we infer, does Mr. Lecky, who will hardly be suspected of taking too lenient a view. The author of the *History of Rationalism in Europe* speaks vaguely of "tens of thousands," and he refers with approval to Hutchinson, "who was a very scrupulous writer," adding, "The number of executions he recounts as having taken place in 250 years, amounts to many thousands. Of these only about 140 were in England." (Vol. i. p. 131, note.) But nine millions!!!

¹ *Myths and Dreams.*

of Mary." Be it so; we are quite willing to accept this as a most striking example of the methods of research and the grounds of identification which are followed throughout in the Presidential Address before us.

And now, in the first place, let it be premised that no intelligent student of antiquity, Catholic or non-Catholic, would ever hesitate to avow that many Christian ceremonies and observances have had their origin in pagan customs. We say ceremonies and observances, because such things do not touch in the least the essence of the Christian faith. It is one thing to admit that the Christians borrowed the liturgical use of incense and flowers, let us say, from the ideas of the pagan world in which they lived, and quite another to assert that they derived the doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist, which is the foundation-stone of all Catholic worship, from some vague folk-tradition about Arician priests and the corn-spirit. How far this influence of paganism upon Christian ritual extended is a very obscure and difficult question, much too intricate to be treated here. We may refer perhaps to an article which appeared in these pages in April, 1892, on St. George, as an indication that the attitude of *THE MONTH* in the past towards such questions has neither been a rigid nor an extravagant one. For the present let it only be said that just as the early Christians constantly took the material buildings erected for pagan worship, purified them, and reconsecrated them as temples of the one true God, so Christianity was also wont, from the days of Constantine onward, to turn to account the popular festivals and observances to which the hearts of her pagan converts were wedded by long custom. That which was harmless in such observances she often adopted for her own, that which was impious or immoral she eliminated and replaced by nobler conceptions, which elevated instead of depraving the minds of the people.

The clearest and most authoritative statement of this principle is to be found in the letter of Pope St. Gregory the Great to Mellitus, cited by Bede. The Pope prescribes there not only that the pagan temples may be converted into Christian churches, but that the annual festival of their dedication and the feasts of their patron saints may be kept on days which were previously observed as holidays in pagan times, and which had formerly been profaned by sacrifices to idols. The cattle which were wont to be offered in sacrifice on those occasions

were now to be killed, that the people may feast in a religious way, "returning thanks to the Giver of all things, to the end that while some gratifications are outwardly permitted them, they may more easily incline their hearts to the inward consolations of the grace of God. For there is no doubt that it is impossible to efface everything at once from their obdurate minds; because he who endeavours to ascend to the highest place, rises by degrees or steps, and not by leaps."¹

Nor are we altogether without illustrations of an analogous principle in our own day. Some folk-lorist of the future will perhaps argue that the Sunday music in our London parks, and the processions of sight-seers on the same day now admitted to our museums, are survivals of a bacchanalian worship anciently offered to the Saxon deity John Barleycorn—obviously a corn-spirit. Connection between them there certainly is, but it lies only in the effort, by means of these attractions, to lure the votaries of the god away from his shrine.

One of the examples which Mr. Clodd cites from Hobbes is the parallel between the Christian Rogations and the Roman "Procession called *Ambarvalia*." Here, as usual, the slightest external resemblance has been caught at without any attempt at investigating the matter more closely. Few facts of ritual observance are more clearly known to us than that the Processions of the Rogation week were instituted about the year 474 by St. Mamertus of Vienne, in the south of France, to meet a definite emergency which had nothing to do with obtaining God's blessing upon the fruits of the earth. If, however, Hobbes had spoken not of the *Ambarvalia* and the Rogations, but of the *Robigalia* and the Procession on St. Mark's day, he would have cited quite a typical instance of that transformation of a pagan into a Christian rite to which we are referring. The "greater litanies," as they are called, had their origin in Rome itself; they took place, and still take place, on the same day, April 25th, which was consecrated, under the old Republic, to religious processions, intended to avert from the fields the scourge of *robigo*, or blight. The litany was chanted along the very route, at least in part, which the pagan procession had formerly followed; but instead of the grove of the supposed god or goddess, the clergy and the faithful in Christian times directed their steps from the Milvian bridge towards the Basilica of St. Peter's, where the "Station" was kept and the Sacrifice

¹ St. Gregory, in Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, bk. i. c. 30. Ed. Stevenson.

of the Mass was offered up. Christians are not ashamed to avow that they share with pagans the belief in public prayers as a source of blessing and a means of averting calamity; neither do they consider that this community of belief reduces them to the level of the savages with whom they share it, any more than Mr. Clodd believes that a community of unbelief reduces him to the intellectual status of his favourite lap-dog.

Now while we are quite prepared to trace a connection between the Christian processions to beg God's blessing upon the crops and other similar ceremonies of pagan origin, this is a very different thing from holding that the feast of our Lady's Purification is simply the natural development of a licentious Pagan orgy. Those who are most familiar with Mr. Clodd's writings will not think it rash to infer that it is precisely the offensive incongruity of introducing our Lady's name in such a connection which lends zest to the suggestion. The evidence amounts to exactly this. In Pagan Rome an ancient festival was celebrated in February which had something to do with purification and the bearing of children. In the Roman Church a feast is kept in February called the "Purification of Mary." Therefore, says Mr. Clodd, these two feasts are identical, and their identity forms a "most striking example" of the truth that the doctrines and ritual of Christianity are no more than transformations of certain "pre-historic deposits of barbaric ideas."

Perhaps what strikes us most in this matter is not so much that the identification itself is preposterous, as that it should be made in a presidential address before a learned society, although it would not take five minutes' investigation to show that there is not the slightest approximation between the terms in any of the senses intended by Mr. Clodd. And first with regard to the date. The feast of the Lupercalia was kept on February 15th, the feast of the Purification occurs a fortnight earlier on February 2nd, and moreover its occurrence on that day is not arbitrary or due to any connection with the month of February. It is simply determined by the fact that the Presentation of our Lord in the Temple according to Mosaic law must have taken place forty days after His Birth; February 2nd being the fortieth day from December 25th, which is honoured as the commemoration of the Nativity.

Secondly as to locality. The Lupercalia was in its origin a distinctively Roman celebration. It may have spread in time

to some other towns in Italy and Gaul, but we know of no evidence to show that it had a hold upon the minds of men as a popular festival anywhere outside of Rome. It is said to have been celebrated there down to the time of Pope Gelasius, who died in 496. On the other hand, the Christian feast of the 2nd of February is universally described as having originated in the East. It is mentioned by St. Silvia at Jerusalem about 380; an edict of Justinian enjoined its celebration at Constantinople in 542, but the highest modern authority on such subjects tells us that in Rome no feast of our Lady was celebrated before the seventh century, when this with some other similar festivals was introduced in imitation of the Greeks.¹ Seeing that the Lupercalia had certainly been abrogated before A.D. 494, it is difficult to see what connection it could have with a feast not known in Rome until more than a hundred years afterwards.

But what most conclusively demonstrates the absurdity of any *transformation* of this gross superstition into a Christian festival, is the entire absence of any sort of resemblance in their character or ritual. For Mr. Clodd it is sufficient that the word *purification* should occur in connection with both. The rite of the Lupercalia was a rite of purification; it was true that it had nothing to do with the purification of women after childbirth. It was supposed rather to precede the bearing of children, and to bestow the gift of fertility, but we are told that it was a purification of some sort, and to examine more closely would be for Mr. Clodd an unnecessary refinement. Now it is just here that any shadow of argument for the identity of the two celebrations most completely breaks down. The one thing which we can say with confidence about the feast of the 2nd of February is that it was not in the beginning regarded as the festival of our Lady's Purification at all. It was the *ὑπαπαντή*, the meeting of Christ with Simeon and Anna, it was the *oblatio Christi ad templum*, in the words of Bede, the *occursus* or *obviatio*, as we find it called by other Latin writers. There is nothing in the Liturgy even now which lays stress upon the idea of purification, and the name itself, *Purificatio Beate Virginis Mariæ*, is of comparatively late introduction. Could any theory possibly go to pieces more completely, and yet this is an instance which Mr. Clodd goes out of the way to quote as

¹ Duchesne, *Origines du Culte Chrétien*, p. 259.

"one of the most striking examples" of the transformations upon which he lays such stress.

We have, above, borrowed an illustration from etymology. Into the regions of that science, amongst others, Mr. Clodd wanders in connection with the same subject, his treatment of which we have been considering. It would appear to be on etymological grounds alone that he bases his incidental remark that the vine-god, Dionysus, "appears in hagiology as St. Denis," for it would not be easy otherwise to explain how the worship of a Greek deity cropped up in northern Gaul; and it would be interesting to know whether in any known rite the drinking of the blood of this Saint was an essential feature, or whether any Bacchic celebrations were practised in connection with him. But, if this be the origin of his name, does the same hold good of Dionysius of Syracuse, Dionysius of Heracleia, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and all the tribe of their namesakes? If not of them, why of Dionysius the Areopagite, with whom, as the convert of St. Paul mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, St. Denis is unquestionably identified? Are we, on like principles, to say that St. Paul himself is no other than Pollux, appearing in hagiology?

It is, however, in regard of symbolism that Mr. Clodd most frankly gives himself away. In regard of his science, Professor Lodge was cruel enough to observe, that in the case of a beginner, which harmless epithet might, presumably, without offence be applied, such difficulties as his were natural and excusable, "though hardly the subject to write a book about." Similarly, it is quite possible that he is not to be blamed for blank ignorance of the elementary principles of mediæval art, but he really should not get up in a presidential chair to exhibit it.

He tells us, for example, that the old barbarous notions, incorporated in Christianity, are nowhere more conspicuously manifested than in respect of that same mystery of the Incarnation, at which, above all others, he not unnaturally hurls his shafts. Savages believed, for instance, that a child might be begotten by the scent of a flower, and, in representations of the Annunciation, is not the Angel depicted bearing a lily? It was likewise thought that the same effect might be produced through a maiden's ear; and that this is sound Christian doctrine he triumphantly proves by citing, from Mr. Lecky, the words of a Latin hymn, ascribed to St. Thomas of Canterbury:

Gaude Virgo, mater Christi,
 Quæ per aurem concepisti,
 Gabriele nuntio.

Nay, more; he solemnly assures us, on the same authority, that, "in an old glass window, now, I believe, in one of the museums of Paris, the Holy Ghost is represented hovering over the Virgin in the form of a dove, while a ray of light passes from His beak to her ear, along which ray an infant Christ is descending."

Are there not pictures more accessible, wherein all manner of saints, as St. Henry the Emperor, are represented with a cathedral or an abbey in their hand? or St. Barbara with a tower? or St. Thaddeus with a full-rigged ship? Did St. Ambrose always bear a bee-hive about with him? or St. Laurence a gridiron? Did St. Jerome write with a lion crouching at his feet, and a trumpet from the clouds pointing towards his ear? St. Milburga is constantly represented with a church in one hand, and chasing a flock of wild geese, to signify that she founded a nunnery, and that her feast occurred in early spring when the wild-fowl began their northward flight. Did any dweller in the dark ages suppose for a moment that these, and innumerable other such-like devices, were intended to represent the physical reality of things? When in a death-bed scene a small naked figure was shown issuing from the mouth of the dying man, did the artist imagine that any one would suppose him to have drawn from the life, any more than the old caricaturists when they wrote the speeches of their figures upon balloon-like scrolls emerging, like puffs of smoke, from their lips? "Marry," says Sir Thomas More of a kindred matter, "I think there be no man in Christendom so foolish, nor woman neither, but doth know better." He, however, did not know what might be done in the name of Science, nor with what equipment for his task a President of the Folk-lore Society might volunteer to interpret the mind of ancient folk.

It would not be difficult to multiply similar examples of the so-called scientific method; but while to do so would probably be wearisome, there is another point that calls for remark. The style, we are often told, is the man, and Mr. Clodd's style is not such as we are accustomed to associate with a cultivated or judicial mind. He evidently believes that violence is synonymous with strength, and that nothing is so effective as the rather crude argument of a nickname. What possible force

can it add to the case against Madame Blavatsky to term her a "colossal old liar," though such a figure of speech would doubtless be considered quite crushing in a playground of small boys? We hear of "sapient teleologists," of the "high falutin'" of the "eager *Spectator*," of the motto *Credo quia ineptum* (a new version, we believe, of a familiar misquotation) as the principle at the root of Christian faith. The following passage claims more particular notice; it occurs in connection with the topic of "Water Worship."

"The Bishop of Cashel is reported to have said in a recent charge 'that as an infant is incapable of the exercise of faith and repentance, so spiritual grace is imparted in infant baptism.' Whoever thus argues that the combined gases whose symbol is H_2O , or that any other materials, are a vehicle of supernatural efficacy, writes himself the lineal descendant of the 'medicine man.'"

It would be hard to find a more offensive example of the flippancy in which shallow writers of a certain class are wont to indulge. To speak of water by its chemical formula may seem smart to one who is proud of being able to show his knowledge of laboratory symbols, but what earthly difference can it make to the argument in the mind of any sensible man? The fact that water can be resolved into two gases has no more to do with the question of sacramental efficacy, than that the Bible may be resolved into the twenty-four letters of the alphabet has to do with that of inspiration. "A modest man, or a philosopher," observed Cardinal Newman, in a somewhat similar case, "would have scrupled to treat with scorn or scoffing, principles and convictions, even if he did not acquiesce in them himself, which had been held so widely and so long, the beliefs and devotions which have been the religious life of millions upon millions for nearly twenty centuries." He added, however, of the antagonist then engaging his attention: "He appears to be so constituted as to have no notion of what goes on in minds very different from his own, and moreover, to be stone blind to his ignorance." So with Mr. Clodd. He, manifestly, has no conception of the nature of the doctrine he attacks, and so is able to be quite positive that none but idiots can entertain it. Yet it might have occurred to him to ask whether Newton, Faraday, and Clerk-Maxwell, to name no others, should be set down as descendants of the medicine man, for they all assuredly subscribed to such beliefs as in his

opinion entail such a character; and the last named, made some uncomplimentary remarks concerning "crude and half-baked theories about the highest subjects." All this, however, is not likely much to trouble our folk-lorist, for, to borrow once more from Professor Lodge, the fundamental assumption underlying his philosophy would appear to be that scientific men, from Sir Isaac to Lord Kelvin, are an incapable and puzzle-headed race, knowing nothing of their own subject and requiring to be set right by an amateur who has devoted to it a few weeks or months, and acquired a smattering of some of its terms.

Lastly, we feel tempted to remark that if the principles developed in Mr. Clodd's address are valid, and if he is logical in following them out to their natural conclusions, he is bound to go further still. Why should he stop short and content himself with finding a folk-lore origin for the *doctrines* of Christianity? He might just as well, while he is about it, apply the same method to overthrow the historical facts upon which these doctrines are based. The line of investigation he is following will easily carry him a step further, and will prove that the crucifixion of Jesus Christ had its existence only in the dreams of pre-historic ages, much more conclusively than they prove that Transubstantiation is "the barbaric idea of eating the god," corn-god or vine-god, and sharing his attributes and powers. After all, the great part of Mr. Clodd's talk about corn-spirits, and Arician priests, and solemn sacraments, is founded upon traditions often extremely misty, extremely local, and extremely recent. But there are few facts for which such abundant evidence is forthcoming as the almost universal prevalence of the cross symbol in pre-Christian ages. If Mr. Clodd will pay a visit to the British Museum some fine afternoon, he will find some sculptures in the Assyrian gallery quite as interesting as any of the striking discoveries he has made in the province of mediæval art. He will come across a statue of Samsi Ramânu dating from before B.C. 812, wearing a cross hanging around his neck by a ribbon, such as might be seen round the neck of any young lady in a convent school. He may take a turn through the Egyptian department, and there he will observe that sarcophagi, and mummy cases, and inscriptions of all kinds are simply swarming with crosses. If he looks about the Indian antiquities, he will have no difficulty in finding a Swastika or two, and it is only the meagre nature of our collection of Mexican and Central American relics which would

prevent him from studying models of prehistoric crosses four or five feet high which would not excite remark in any Christian cemetery. Obviously, on Mr. Clodd's principle, only one conclusion can be drawn. The crucifixion of the Founder of Christianity must be a myth partly evolved out of tree and serpent-worship, partly out of superstitions connected with the cross symbol which was known and honoured in every land a thousand years before the coming of Christ.¹ And yet, somehow or other, Mr. Clodd does not draw this conclusion. He has written a history of *Jesus of Nazareth*, in which, while discarding the narrative of our Lord's Birth, and of His Resurrection, and of His miracles as mythical, he yet feels constrained to accept the historical fact of His condemnation and Death upon the Cross. The fact of the crucifixion is one which Strauss and Renan, and a hundred infidels more, have never dared to dispute. To reject the cumulative evidence of Christian and pagan writers so strangely interwoven and unanimous, would be to strike at the root of all belief founded upon human testimony, and none but a few reckless fanatics have ever even seriously suggested it. And so we may ask, if all the pre-historic tradition about crosses and tree worship does not prove the crucifixion to be a myth, a "barbaric idea," and a fragment of folk-lore, why must we suppose that other much more vague and restricted traditions about virginal births, about the incarnation of gods, about the eating of the god—if indeed there be such—are conclusive proofs that the doctrines of Christianity are silly fables and barbaric ideas? We do not presume to decide here in what proportion mere coincidence, a vague primitive revelation, the recurrence in different lands of the same succession of natural phenomena, the mistakes or *parti pris* of the collectors of traditions, and many other causes may have contributed to folk-tales. Of one thing we are certain, there is no conclusion so preposterous that it might not be demonstrated by the slipshod, unscientific methods of investigation followed by Mr. Edward Clodd and his imitators.

It is not for religion that we fear from such attacks as this: but how can science fail to be degraded in the eyes of men of sense, if such caricaturists of her teaching are allowed unchallenged to pose as her accredited representatives?

¹ Who, Mr. Clodd might be expected to say, can fail to see that the elevation of the Saviour upon the Cross is only a more real and humanized variant of a legend already familiar a thousand years before in the story of the brazen serpent?

Byzantinism.

THE Eastern Church Association is a society of English Protestants, both clerical and lay. The objects of this Association are four in number—to give information as to the state and position of the Eastern Christians—to make known to them in turn the doctrine and principles of the Anglican Church—to take advantage of all opportunities for intercommunion with the Orthodox Church, and friendly intercourse with the other ancient Churches of the East—and to assist, as far as possible, the Bishops of the Orthodox Church in their efforts to promote the spiritual welfare and the education of their flocks.

In furtherance of the first of these objects, the Association purposes to publish books bearing on the History and Services of the Eastern Churches. With this end in view Volume i. has been published. The title of it is, *Russia and the English Church during the last Fifty Years*. It contains a correspondence between Mr. William Palmer, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Mr. Khomiakoff, in the years 1844—1854. This correspondence has been edited by Mr. W. J. Birkbeck, M.A., F.S.A., of the same College in the University of Oxford, and he prefaces it with a most interesting and instructive Introduction of some five-and-forty pages.

For his editorial work Mr. Birkbeck has special and quite exceptional qualifications in his knowledge of the Russian language, and in his personal acquaintance with dignitaries among the Russian clergy. His original intention in undertaking to write a book upon the relations of the Russian and English Churches during the last fifty years was, he tells us, to give English readers the opportunity of forming some idea of the opinions concerning the English Church which he has come across during seven journeys in Russia, undertaken with the object of studying the ecclesiastical affairs of that country. He says that, as a rule, members of the Church of England have

little idea either of what the Orthodox Church really is, or of the view that her theologians take of the English, or of any other Western communion. They are possessed with the notion that she lives in a state of semi-petrified stagnation, and that she cares little or nothing for what goes on outside of her own limits. They are hardly at all aware of the intelligent interest which is taken by Russian ecclesiastics and theologians in the religious phenomena of the West at the present day ; still less have they any notion of the immense amount that has been written about the Church of England, and the movements which have taken place within her during the present century. His object is, therefore, to give Englishmen some conception of what Russian Churchmen during the past half-century have thought and written about the English Church, and by the same means to throw some light upon the tendencies and principles of modern Russian theology. We shall do well, in forming our judgment of the other Eastern sects, to bear in mind Mr. Birkbeck's statement, that the Russian Church "in numbers constitutes four-fifths, and in learning represents at least nine-tenths, of the whole Eastern Orthodox communion."

The principal witness selected for this most interesting inquiry is Mr. Khomiakoff, and his written evidence is contained in his essays, in the French language, upon the Latin Church and Protestantism, which were published early in the sixties, and in his correspondence with Mr. William Palmer. Few Englishmen, says the editor, have any notion of the influence which Khomiakoff's writings have had of late years in the Russian Church, and it seemed therefore all the more desirable that the volume should be confined to its present limits, in order that as much emphasis as possible should be laid upon his work, and the changes which his writings, and those of the Slavophile school to which he belonged, and of which he was to a great extent the pioneer, have brought about in the modern school of Russian Orthodox theology. Great part, therefore, of the Introduction is devoted to a description of Mr. Khomiakoff himself, and to give special prominence to his views concerning England, and his influence upon Russian theology. Who, then, and what was this most important witness?

Alexis Stepanovich Khomiakoff (pronounced Hõmiäkoff) was born in 1804. Both on his father's and on his mother's side he was of the purest Russian descent. The ancient noble family to which he belonged could boast of never having intermarried with foreigners, not even in the cosmopolitan days of the eighteenth century, when the conquests of the western provinces of Russia brought so much German, Swedish, and Polish blood into the ranks of the Russian nobility. It was not, however, only memories of the past which contributed to the patriotism and deep religious feeling which formed the main features of Khomiakoff's life and work. The old traditions of Russia were to him something more than a mere abstraction. All their best characteristics, a sober and perfectly sincere faith, an unostentatious and yet strict and ungrudging attention to the duties of religion, a sympathy for the Russian people and peasantry entirely unartificial and free from cant, and last, but not least, that sound common sense and healthy way of looking at things which, Khomiakoff used to say, are to be seen nowhere to such advantage as in Russian and English families, brought up in the true traditions of their country, and not in those of other countries, as has been the case with many Russian families during the last two centuries—were all to be found at their very best in the home in which he was brought up. With the exception of a journey to England, he never left Russia, but passed nearly the whole of his life either at Moscow or on one or other of his two country estates. His literary labours took for the most part the form of pamphlets or contributions to periodicals, and among the subjects of them philosophy, philology, history, law, art, and poetry are all represented. Nor was his activity confined to purely literary or speculative pursuits. At the same time that he was elaborating new theories upon the origin of the Bible, or the Buddhistic cosmogony, he was writing projects for the emancipation of the serfs in Russia, preparing schemes for the establishment of savings-banks in the country districts, and generally interesting himself in the movements and requirements of his surroundings.

Such was Khomiakoff in Mr. Birkbeck's description of him, and we are told, moreover, that he had from his earliest days the greatest regard and admiration for England. He was thoroughly well acquainted with our history and literature. His works are full of references to them. He used to recite whole pages of Shakespeare and Byron by heart. A letter

which he wrote to a Moscow journal, when he came to England in 1847, giving his impressions of the country, is one long panegyric of almost all our customs and peculiarities. Foreigners might think little of us, but to his mind this was because, next to Russia, no country was so little known in Europe as England. He gives as a reason that Englishmen do not care to describe themselves, and, as for other nations, they try to imitate Englishmen, and imitators are the worst hands at describing that which they endeavour to copy. Englishmen were said to be inhospitable to foreigners, but this he had found by experience to be anything but true. It was merely that Englishmen did not go out of their way to court foreigners, and this for the reason that they could do without them, whereas some nations, not content with the traditions of their own country, ran after foreigners in order to learn from them. The German liked foreigners because they came to him as pupils, and the Frenchman because they allowed him to show off before them. If Englishmen were disinclined to talk on the railway, and were sometimes brusque in their manners to strangers, they were more ready than any other nation to help a foreigner if he was really in need of assistance, as he had himself experienced. If Englishmen were less ceremonious than other nations, it was only because they were more natural. Compare the simple, but energetic and incisive oratory of an English member of Parliament with the stilted, artificial phraseology of the French deputy! Where else were men so practical, and where did they go so straight to the mark? He declared the English Parliament to be the greatest motive power of modern history.

In spite of all this partiality for England, the English, the English character, and English ways, Khomiakoff speaks of the Church of England as destitute of any basis which can merit serious examination. Anglicanism, he says, is a self-destructive anomaly (*contre-sens*) in the world of the Reformation, as Gallicanism is in the world of Rome. "Gallicanism is dead; Anglicanism has not long days to live." To him Anglicanism is a fortuitous concourse of conventional principles without any inmost bond to unite them one to the other. He describes it as a narrow sandbank beaten by the strong waves of two contending oceans, and driven from side to side, towards Romanism or towards Dissent. Anglicanism has not, he maintains, one single reason to give for not being Orthodox (that is to say, for not belonging to the Russian communion).

It is in the Church by all its real and characteristic principles. It is outside the Church by its historic provincialism, a provincialism which imposes upon it a false air of Protestantism, which deprives it of all tradition, and of all logical basis, and of which, nevertheless, it will not divest itself, partly through national pride, and partly owing to the habitual respect of England for accomplished facts. He considers it to be at once the purest and the most illogical (*antilogique*) of all the Western confessions, and to be all that is most opposed to the very idea of the Church, for it is neither a tradition nor a doctrine, but a simply national institution (an establishment), that is to say, avowedly the work of men. "*Il est jugé, et il se meurt.*"

Such is in substance Mr. Khomiakoff's final opinion concerning the Anglican Church, as contained in his third Essay upon the Western Confessions, written in 1858, two years before his death. On this Mr. Birkbeck says quite cheerfully in a note, that it would be interesting to know what Mr. Khomiakoff would have thought on this subject at the present day. For ourselves, we are free to say that we have not observed in the interval, or heard of, any radical change in the constitution of the Church of England which would have made the Russian critic change his judgment of her. More chasubles, it is true, are worn now by ministers of the Establishment in the administration of the Lord's Supper, but there is more free-thinking amongst those who wear them. The old Tractarian school has run to seed in the new Ritualistic party. *Lux Mundi* has come and gone, and the Editor of it has been installed as a Canon in Westminster Abbey.

We turn now to Khomiakoff's correspondent, Mr. William Palmer. He was a brother of the late Lord Selborne, more widely known by his earlier title as Sir Roundell Palmer. We shall let Mr. Palmer tell his own story. In a document which he drew up at the request of his friends, and to guard them against any inaccuracy in rumours which might be circulated about him at the time of his conversion to the Catholic Church, he says that, after passing seven years in cultivating, and filling up, or correcting his inherited Anglican tradition, he found himself to agree with the Greek or Eastern Church on all points of doctrine except one, respecting the Procession of the Holy Ghost. After seven years more he came to agree with the

Easterns on this point of the Procession also. He was, moreover, forced by a gradually accumulating necessity to confess, though most unwillingly, that the Anglican Church, in which he was baptized and bred up, had fallen into grave errors. For eight years more he remained without further change, having his heart meantime more and more drawn towards the Roman communion, but without any such conviction of its plenary or exclusive authority as would require or enable him to make an act of faith in its doctrine on one or two particular points, contrary to the doctrine of the Eastern Church, and to his own private judgment assenting to the Greek rather than to the Latin theology. During eight years he made repeated attempts, both in Russia and in the Levant, to obtain admission as a proselyte to the "Orthodox" or Eastern communion. In those attempts he always failed, owing chiefly, as he says, to a discrepancy existing at present between the Russians and the Greeks as to the validity of Western baptisms. A proselyte from the Westerns, received by the Russians after their manner by chrism only, is, he tells us, told by the Greek Patriarchs that he is simply and absolutely unbaptized. By a certain dissimulation or connivance, however, they would give him the Communion (!). On the other hand, he argues, if a man were to put himself into the hands of a Greek Bishop to be re-baptized, he would be acting not only against the synodical decrees of the Russian and of the Roman Church, and perhaps against his own conscience, but also against the canonical discipline of the Greeks themselves, decreed by the Synod of A.D. 1484, and since abrogated in 1751 only by the personal authority of the Patriarchs. He comes to see that the notion of the Catholic Church being a visible society, and yet divided into two conflicting communions, is an opinion which is paradoxical and difficult to maintain. He confesses also that neither the whole Catholic Church, nor any particular Church within it, can be *permanently* severed from the Roman Chair. He says further that he cannot deny that even when he thought himself obliged to seek admission to the communion of the Greek or Eastern Church, he dreaded rather than wished for success, while, on the contrary, even when he was most fighting against Rome, his heart wished for the Roman communion.

In a letter to Count Alexis Tolstoi, the Chief Procurator of the Holy Synod, written in 1858, Mr. Palmer says that at Philadelphia he made a last attempt to be received into the

Orthodox Church as a proselyte, without being re-baptized. Thereafter, on his way towards Rome, he passed through Corfu, and found that there they had more or less changed their tone on the subject of the re-baptizing of Latins since his last visit. They then pretended to act by economy, by a spirit of abuse which it was difficult to justify in the presence of the great Church of Constantinople—in short, he says, through fear of the English, just as in former days, when they admitted proselytes without re-baptizing them, they pretended that it was because of their fear of the Venetians. In 1854, he continues, they had just republished the text of the Council held in the fifteenth century, upon the acts of which the Patriarch Macarius of Antioch and the Patriarch Nikon insisted when they were engaged in Russia in correcting the abusive custom of re-baptizing, which had been introduced under the Patriarch Philaret. In the same year they had taken their stand at Corfu on this Council, and were rather proud of having preserved the ancient canonical custom which the Patriarchal decrees of the eighteenth century alone were unable to abrogate.

After this narrative, Mr. Birkbeck's readers at any rate can no longer be possessed with the notion, which he has deprecated, that the Orthodox Church "lives in a state of semi-petrified stagnation." On his own showing, it is clear that she exists in a state of fluid decomposition.

As a writer Mr. Birkbeck is as refreshing as he is admirable in his straightforward outspokenness; but what are we to think of him as an advocate, retained by the Eastern Church Association for the furtherance of its objects? His book recalls to our minds two persons—Balaam the son of Beor—and that John Inglesant who was told by the Jesuit of fiction to remain an Anglican, and do his best to catholicize the Church of England.

To return to Mr. Palmer. He tells us that, when he arrived at Rome, Father Passaglia, a very distinguished theologian, told him that although he had Greek rather than Latin convictions upon certain important points of controversy, he could all the same be received into the Roman Catholic communion by merely suspending his private judgment, and by making up his mind to affirm nothing contrary to the known dogmas of the Roman Church, and *not to entertain* by preference any such thoughts.

Assuming that the advice given to him was precisely that

which Mr. Palmer understood it to be, Father Passaglia seems simply to have taken the measure of his man, and cut his coat according to his cloth. Mr. Palmer's personal piety, sincerity, earnestness, and moral excellence in every way were undeniable, and a discerning confessor would have seen that in the case of this man of good-will any mental twist of his, or speculative crotchet, was not incompatible with that obedience of faith which is required for reception into the Catholic and Roman Church.

Whatever Father Passaglia's advice may have been, Mr. Palmer says that he followed it, since it seemed to him neither right nor justifiable, with the sins of his past life on his soul, and persuaded as he had been for long that it was impossible to defend the Anglican Church, to pass all his life in studying, and even to some extent *judging* all Churches, without belonging in God's sight to any one of them. He made therefore his submission to the Catholic Church, and after many years of edifying life at Rome, died a holy death in peace.

Mr. Birkbeck tells us that his object in writing about the Russian Church has been to represent her as being not necessarily what he should like her to be, but what she is. To get, however, at what the disciples of a certain modern school would call the "real inwardness" of the Russian Church, we must look to the first beginnings of the Byzantinism from which it springs.

Gregory the Great, who died A.D. 604, was during the whole of his Pontificate defending himself against the deceit and despotism of the man whom he acknowledged as his lawful sovereign, the Byzantine Emperor. He was at the same time resisting the attempts of the Bishops of Constantinople to extend their power. At every step of their advancement these Bishops were backed by the Emperors to go on yet farther by pushing their See, under the title of Ecumenical, to a position over the Eastern Empire parallel to that of the Pope over the West, while that See was subordinate at the same time to the Emperor himself. The four-and-twenty immediate successors of St. Gregory were exposed to the full force of this attempt.

During the period of controversy about the Monothelite heresy, a heresy which was subversive of the true doctrine of the Incarnation, the whole temporal power of the Byzantine Sovereign, at that time despotic lord of Rome, and backed by subservient Patriarchs, was exerted to compel the Popes who

sat during these forty years to accept the false doctrine prescribed to them in an Imperial decree. All these Popes successively rejected and condemned the decision urged upon them by Imperial and Patriarchal pressure, all of them at the risk of every sort of persecution, and one of them, St. Martin, at the cost of a singularly painful martyrdom. The next Pope, St. Agatho, condemned the heresy in a General Council allowed at Constantinople itself by an orthodox Emperor, over which the Papal Legates presided. The Pope who succeeded him, St. Leo II., ratified the Council's condemnation of four successive Byzantine Patriarchs as heretics, and censured the negligence of Pope Honorius in not extinguishing the heresy at once.

During forty years from the death of Honorius in 638, there was a constant deliberate attempt by successive Patriarchs of Constantinople to alter the faith of the Church as it had been laid down at the Council of Chalcedon. They strove also to make the mouth of their Emperor the instrument for disseminating their heresy, and to use the whole material power of that Emperor as despotic lord of Rome to overthrow the defence of the faith by the Roman See, the superior authority of which, at the same time, neither Emperor nor Patriarch denied. During the whole of that time it was the constancy of the Roman See, the purely spiritual power of the Successor of St. Peter, in the midst of the greatest danger and a helpless temporal position, which preserved the life of the Church, and foiled the Byzantine oppressor, together with the underplay of the Byzantine Patriarch.

So far as the relation between the Emperor and the Pope was concerned, the principle at issue was whether the Byzantine Emperor, with the Byzantine Patriarch as his chief agent, on the one hand, or the Pope and the Bishops, on the other hand, should dictate the creed and direct the government of the Church.

As regards Justinian, his attitude and conduct at the Fifth Council shows how deeply the most distinguished of the Eastern Emperors was imbued with the doctrinal despotism of his throne. The contention of his successors was still more pronounced, and their temporal power over the Pope as their subject was unsparingly exercised, not to deny his spiritual supremacy in itself, but to make its exercise subject to their Imperial power.

Pope Gelasius had told the Bishop of Byzantium of his day

that he had no rank in the Episcopate except that he was Bishop of the capital, and that a royal residence could not make an Apostolic See. Byzantium, or Constantinople, was not an Apostolic See. The three Petrine Sees were Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch. Jerusalem, as a patriarchate of later creation, was only of brevet rank by way of honour.

When the Patriarchs of Alexandria and Antioch lost their original position, as second and third Bishops in the Church, in virtue of their descent from Peter, and had taken definitely a position subordinate to the upstart at Byzantium, whom Pope Gelasius, in the last decade of the fifth century, had proclaimed in his Council at Rome to be no Patriarch at all, they fell under a domination which was not merely infidel, but anti-Christian. The Patriarchs who accepted as their superior one who rose above them simply because he was Bishop of the Imperial residence, had from that time forward to live under a despot who reigned in the name of the false prophet.

In the Trullan canons the Byzantine idea, having evolved itself with undeviating encroachment during three centuries, appears complete. Constantine IV. asked the Pope to confirm the Council. His son Justinian confirmed it himself, and the Council which he would confirm exhibits an Eastern primacy seated at Constantinople. It admits not only the priority, but in a certain sense the superiority of the Roman primacy, but it would keep both the Eastern and the Western primacy under the Imperial control. The Eastern primacy would make itself the chief instrument of this control, and so practically put itself above the Western. The Emperor would honour his subservient Patriarch by using him as his chief ecclesiastical minister, who held the portfolio of doctrine.

We have said enough to indicate the nature of Byzantinism. Some knowledge of it is necessary to discern the spirit which works in its offspring, whether in Russia or at Constantinople. The facts of its history which we have noted will be found described at length by Mr. Allies in the seventh volume of his monumental work on the *Formation of Christendom*. In that volume he says that Byzantine despotism as exhibited in secular government—Byzantine despotism as pushed into theological doctrine—and Byzantine despotism as laying claim to the government of the Church—the three together make up the thing which has received the name of Byzantinism.

Byzantinism is a subject on which we should like to listen to Mr. Birkbeck, if he can see his way to consider it in his forthcoming volume, and in connection with the present practical relations of the separated Churches of the East with their civil rulers—especially of the Russian Church with the Czar—and of the Church of Constantinople with the Sublime Porte. There is some wantonness in using razors to cut cabbages, and we feel as if Mr. Birkbeck has been rather throwing himself away in the editing of the letters of Mr. Khomiakoff and Mr. Palmer. Their correspondence is now out of date, and it is dull reading. Even with the attraction of the Editor's notes, we have had stiff work in wading through it. The Introduction is the best as it is the most interesting part of the volume. We must, however, say in sincerity that it has lessened the Russian Church in our opinion. The most hopeful symptom on which we used to rely, in our desire for the return of the Eastern sects to Catholic communion, was exhibited in the Synod of Bethlehem. We find that we were hoping in delusion. Mr. Birkbeck tells us that the theology borrowed from the West, which was partly adopted in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in the Eastern Church, has never sunk very deeply into Eastern religious consciousness. Even documents such as the Articles of the Synod of Bethlehem, which received the approval of the four Patriarchs, are now looked upon as to a great extent obsolete, indeed in Russia they were never accepted except in a modified form—and this because they were from the first felt not to be in accordance with the true spirit and tradition of the Eastern Church.

Mr. Birkbeck speaks of "the change brought about in the current theology of the Russian Church by Khomiakoff's theological writings." From this facile fluidity of that Church it is possible to entertain a hope that the current of Eastern theology may some day run backwards towards its source in the parent stream of the living waters of Catholic theology, from which it has for centuries been severed.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY.

Indian Sketches in Black and White.

II.

IT is impossible to disintegrate the religious from the social and domestic life of India. Each is a component part of the others. The very ablutions of Hindus, the nature of the food which they eat and the method of eating it, the systems upon which are based their domestic relations, their social observances and the details of their daily work, are all more or less matters of religious obligation with them. The whole conduct of their lives from hour to hour is shaped by two inexorable laws, the Brahmanic and the caste. And to meet the exigencies of their rites—rites which have endured for cycles of centuries, for Brahmanism is not subject to vicissitudes nor development, unless Buddhism can be accepted as such, and no good Hindu would admit that conclusion—their temples must to a certain extent be *planned* on similar lines. But except in this respect the temples of Southern Dravidian India bear no semblance to those of Bengal nor yet to those of the West, where the Chalukyan dynasty has left some marvels of architectural beauty in the temples of its period, and where a fugitive Persian and an enduring Mahomedan influence have helped to temper and discipline the native religious art to a tone of greater moderation and refinement. Nowhere, however, is it conceived on anything like the same mammoth scale of grandeur, nor are the great *gopuras*, lake-like tanks, and vast pillared halls to be found north of Trichinopoli.

The temples of the south differ from each other rather in degree than in kind. There is a similarity, not to say monotony, in the tone and feeling of their work, extending from the earliest to the latest of them, which would be surprising were it not so entirely characteristic of the temper of the people. The Temple of Tanjore, because of its slight departure from this rule and also because of its comparative antiquity—much of its work being laid at the door of the tenth century—is the most

interesting of the group. Not that a few centuries more or less are of much account in this land of immutable ways. But the grey granite of Tanjore has divested itself of the gaudy tints which it doubtless, like the others, wore in its youth, and has put on the mellow tone which belongs to venerable things and which is not to be found in all the redundant splendour of Madura and Seringham. Well-nigh a classic element may be found in the simpler ornament of its earlier work; whilst, on the other hand, the Subramanyi Shrine, dedicated to a son of Shiva, and dating only from the sixteenth century, has lost its outline in the exuberance of its florid decoration. It occupies a corner of the temple enclosure and corresponds in motive with the chapels of our old cathedrals. Fergusson pronounces it to be one of the most exquisite pieces of decorative architecture in Southern India. And he ought to know. But it is too suggestive of bridesake ornamentation to find favour with one who is not sufficiently initiated to discern and understand its architectural merits.

The finest feature of Tanjore Temple, and one which makes it pre-eminent among the temples of the south, is the stupendous pagoda which rears itself, fashioned in fourteen richly sculptured graduating stages, to a height of two hundred feet over the Shrine of Shiva. This is one of the rare examples among the Dravidian temples of the central shrine being made, architecturally, a prominent feature instead of the "meanest part of the buildings," and which constitutes Tanjore, as a composition, a fine harmonious whole. Not far from this superb *vimana* is the Shrine of the Chandikasan, whose office it is to announce to the temple deity the arrival of worshippers. The gate-towers bear upon them the stamp of their antiquity in their comparative lack of height, though they alone would be worth a pilgrimage, and, by those who had not seen the colossal *gopuras* of the more modern temples, would be regarded as gigantic.

One is told of the dynasties under which these wonders of their own and our age were produced, but the generations have failed to hand down any record of the men who built them or of the mighty intellects that conceived them, almost reaching, it would seem, the summit of human power. The Kings of Tanjore and Vijayanager, we are told, gave their gold in a royally lavish manner, but no word is written of the men whose great brains contrived these colossal buildings, whose imaginations adorned them, whose skilled hands fashioned them,

and whose very souls and personalities were worked into them. Through their work, indeed, more may be learnt of them than by aught that their mere names could convey. And marvellous though these great monuments be, with what a sense of thankfulness and refreshedness does one turn in memory to the continent spirit and elevated thought which speak through the pure and noble outlines, the reserved beauty and pregnant simplicity of an ancient Gothic church. Surely by their art you shall know them as well as by their works, and Pagan art, stupendous and splendid though it be, with its license, its naught-girls, its devilry and its grotesquery, breathes not the spirit of light and purity as we know it.

Thus we sat moralizing at the feet of Shiva's Bull, a monster "Nandi," sculptured from a single block of black granite, thirteen feet high, which sits facing the temple of its master like a huge watch-dog, when a wild-looking being approached us and, through the medium of our guide, gave us to understand that the gods were about to be carried in procession from shrine to shrine and that no unbelievers could therefore remain within the enclosure. Being thus promptly and ignominiously driven forth we betook ourselves to the great Shivaganga Tank and there sat and watched the women who came in hundreds down the stone steps to carry home their water-supply for the night. Up to their knees in water they descended, and filling their great brass lotas—most of which held three gallons—with the well-nigh opaque fluid which was somewhat of the consistency and colour of nursery tea, they hoisted them on to their left hips, and after a little friendly feminine converse, they went off to their homes in twos and threes. Most of them took a draught of the holy and uninviting beverage which they quaffed gratefully from the palms of their hands, and on our expressing a certain sorrow that they should absorb into themselves anything so appalling, our Hindu guide placidly stated that "This water very sweet. People like it very much." So true is it that "Beauty is in the eye of the gazer." One girl, more graceful than the rest, we found especially alluring, as she stood ankle-deep in the water on the tank steps and went through many pretty *puja* observances. First she drank a little from the hollowed palms of her beautiful brown hands. Then a few drops were sprinkled over her bowed head. Each elbow was then touched with the sacred water, and so was each limb and each joint during the course of her purifications. Her every

action was full of delicate grace and so superbly was she moulded that she might have been some exquisite, animated statue—a second Galatea—and no less pictorial for being in copper-bronze instead of in white marble.

Tanjore city is essentially "native." There is no European element to destroy its Oriental character. From the quaint "bits" of Hindu architecture which arrest you at every few yards in passing along the streets, to the artists who squat on their verandahs solemnly beating out wondrous *repoussé* patterns on silver and copper vessels, and to the little brown boy of three, standing also on *his* verandah, full of rice and fresh from the much approved oil-tub which had left him dripping from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet and shining like polished oak, there was no discordant note. From the door of a small house a procession was just starting of gaily dressed men followed by a number of bullock carts laden with provisions of sorts—fruit, pán-leaves, betel, and sweetmeats. The two last carts were laden each with a monster metal pan—like a boiler—filled with rice. There was music too, if a confusion of sounds proceeding from tom-toms and horns, each of which knew but one note, could be so described. With these accompaniments they were "carrying rice" from the home of her future husband to a little girl-bride whose wedding ceremonies—lasting over many days—were duly dragging out their tedious course. Stern reality was henceforth going to replace the nursery drama of her childhood. For we are told by "those who know," that though their dolls are their chief pastime, many of the favourite games of Hindu girls are based upon this, to them, wholly absorbing subject of matrimony. Sometimes, for instance, one of the company assumes the part of a would-be mother-in-law and comes, with all her female relatives, to the house of the little maid whom she desires to secure as a bride for her son. Into her ear she pours a tale of this imaginary son's countless perfections of mind and body, the interview generally ending in the honour of the alliance being declined—a proud moment for the maiden who, in after-life, when the play has become a reality, has no voice in the matter. Again, a precocious young person of eight or nine will put on the airs of a bride-elect and the game will consist in recounting to her playmate "mother" all the *articles de luxe* which she desires for her *trousseau*—shawls, sarees, broideries, bangles, cinctures, anklets,

necklaces, and ear-rings, not to mention "toilet requisites," henna for her nails, kohl and soorma for her eyes, saffron for her complexion, sandal-wood paste, oil of sesame, attar and kusa wherewith to anoint and perfume her small person. And so these joyless-looking little beings recreate themselves—hardly, to English notions, after a fashion healthy or invigorating, but one which is only the natural outcome of their forced, exotic existence, and of the continuous instilling into their empty little minds, by way of education, that marriage is the aim and end of their existence, and maternity their *raison d'être*.

A contented mind is at all times, we know, a great gain, but to those whose lines fall among *dāk* bungalows such a possession is a very mine of wealth. To be able, after a long and fatiguing journey, to find rest and refreshment in an upright wooden-seated chair, and to regard with gratification a somewhat rickety and aggressively hard *charpoy*, or bedstead, whereupon to unfurl your mattress and repose your weariness, argues a robust moral tone for the attainment of which one is tempted to feel, with a smack of self-complacency, that it is almost worth while to come from West to East. Frequently, however, this Spartan spirit is rudely checked by the appearance of a repast quite out of harmony with the stern surroundings, and which the *khansaman* will serve with as much state as a ragged coarse table-cloth and broken-down appliances will admit of. The singular aptitude with which Indian servants respond to the large requirements of the *saheb logue* speaks eloquently of their adaptive capacity and ready apprehension. The same man who lives day by day, year in year out, on rice, beans, and *ghee*—that terrible *ghee*!—with a sleek, well-nourished result, not only takes it as a matter of course that the *saheb* cannot dine, under any circumstances, on *less* than five courses, but is nearly always equal to the occasion. His mutton is not four-year-old Southdown, and the inevitable *moorghee* is generally put to death whilst the spit is being prepared for it, but the regulation number of *plats* is always forthcoming, and the more insatiable the *saheb's* demands, the more honourable does he appear in the eyes of his menials.

But a worse thing than a *dāk* bungalow may befall you, and that is *no dāk* bungalow. At Chidambaram Station we had managed, with the aid of a stool borrowed from the station-master, to crawl over the immovable back seat of a *jutka*, which

had lost its only step. In this springless and penitential vehicle, clutching spasmodically at the side rails, we proceeded for two miles or more along a glaring road, the white dust of which reflected the torrid rays of the relentless afternoon sun, through the town, past the great *gopura* of the temple, and so on to the bungalow, only to find it already occupied by the district collector and his sister, who were then at the temple. This was crushing news. But the man whom we took to be the *khansa-man* in charge—and who, we eventually found to our consternation, was Mr. Cumming's own servant—undertook to give us some dinner "when the saheb and missee dined." I threw out a mild suggestion that the "saheb and missee" might very reasonably object to the privacy of their room and table being invaded by absolute strangers. But this idea was rejected with indignation. "Must make friendly," said the man. "All one caste, must help each other." This doubtless was strictly in accordance with Hindu ethics, but I could not feel the confidence that I should have wished in its universal acceptance and practice among Christians. Eventually I had reason to be sorely ashamed of my lack of faith in the charity of my kind, for on the return of Mr. Cumming and his sister, they not only took us in, sheltered and fed us, but through his agency we witnessed what few except Hindus ever see, viz., the carrying in procession within the temple enclosure—which covers thirty-two acres—of the gods and goddesses on their great annual festival-day.

Mr. Cumming's presence in the temple at such a time was official, and we were tolerated under the shadow of his wing. Many thousands of people thronged the enclosure, and many more thousands had been scared from coming by the dread rumour that cholera was lurking in the district. As it was, the people swarmed on every coign of vantage, on to the bases of the four great gate-towers, on to the roof of Verma's exquisite miniature shrine—car-like, with its sculptured wheels and horses and its graceful dancing figures—amid the "thousand pillars" which form the great hall, and up the steps leading to the Temple of Ganesh, the elephant-headed son of Shiva. They clung to Subramanya's stone elephants and sat on his peacocks. The porches, the walls and roofs, wherever there was an elevation and a foothold, there they were congregated in a glorious confusion of vivid colour. It was a grim and humiliating spectacle when the frightful images were brought forth from

their darkened shrines and, decked in jewels—sapphires and diamonds of enormous size and priceless worth—carried under canopies on great triumphal cars whilst incense was tossed in front of them. The temple band of horns and tom-toms preceded them, and banners and peacock plumes were waved on this side and that. Nautah-girls, too, “in spangled skirts and bells,” danced before the gods in the advancing procession. So did many of the people, whilst others, in their wild and uncontrollable excitement, shouted aloud their praises, and threw themselves prone on the ground before the cars of Shiva the Destroyer and Parbati his spouse.

In Chidambaram the god is honoured in his incarnation of Natasan or “god of dancing,” and is represented as a naked giant with the four arms distinctive of Shiva, and one leg poised in the air. All good Hindus know that a great Rajah of the Chola dynasty in the tenth century saw Shiva dancing on the sands with Parbati his consort, and to commemorate the vision he built the golden shrine. Another grateful monarch, “the golden-coloured emperor,” so named by reason of his leprosy, enlarged and beautified Shiva’s Temple as an act of thanksgiving for the miraculous cure of his disease by bathing in the sacred tank. For this purpose he made a pious pilgrimage to Chidambaram from the north, and brought in his train three thousand Brahmans. Quite that number might have made their *puja* and purifications without crowding in the vast walled-in expanse of water. And so the world has to thank those royal devotees not only for fine examples of gratitude—a rare virtue—but for superb specimens of Indian art. The four gate-pyramids are the oldest in Southern India, and full of the beauty of their kind—mighty, forcible, weird, devilish, licentious, fabulous, grotesque it may be, but telling a tale of gigantic genius, of patient labour that knew no weariness, and of a faith which might remove mountains—a faith, the iron-bound rule of which entirely precludes the flexible adaptivity which argues vitality, but which, nevertheless, possesses an endurance stern and adamant—the endurance of granite or basalt, and like them, though capable of great things, “has no life in it.”

III.—DILWARRA AND THE JAINS.

To institute an exact comparison between the great Temples of the Tamul South, where opulent splendour runs riot, and where “all that is wild in human faith, or warm in human feeling is

found portrayed," with the delicate artistic refinement of the Jaina Temples of Guzerat and Mysore, would demand the keen apprehension and architectural instinct—born of lifelong study and knowledge wide and deep—of a Fergusson. But even to a tyro in such things, the contrast of styles is most suggestive and significant, as representing another range of taste and feelings and as expressing the artistic aspirations of another race. Of the same religion—for Jainism is merely a phase of Hinduism, as the Greek Church and the Anglican Establishment are phases of Christianity—the Jains have produced buildings of rare beauty both of outline and design. From the tenth to the fourteenth century—during the wane of Indian Buddhism—was the period of their pre-eminence, both religious and artistic, and, though their monuments are to be found scattered throughout Western India, and even—in a fragmentary form—in the South, the most ancient and perfect examples of their style are to be found in the clustered temples of Dilwarra which crown the granite mount of Abu in Guzerat. To its heights, accordingly, we felt constrained to bend our pilgrim steps.

A journey of ten hot penitential hours brought us from Ajmere to Abu Road Station where we found that the only means of reaching Abu—a distance of eighteen miles from station to hostel—was on pony-back or by rickshaw. Furthermore that, the Holi festival being in full swing, very few coolies were available, most of their class being overcome either by devotion or strong drink. A small and inefficient staff was, however, got together. They came straight from doing *pūja* to Krishna, their bodies and (very limited) raiment splashed and stained red with *gulal*. The sight of the rickshaw carried me back to the Flowery Land, a dream speedily dispelled on surveying the lank limbs of my team which could in no wise compare with the sturdy understandings of the sons of Nikko. And instead of rattling gaily along at the jaunty jog-trot of the "Japs," the pace of the five "human cattle" who propelled me never exceeded a walk during the entire eighteen miles which dragged their tedious lengths over seven hours. Happy, good-natured, and civil, the men sang snatches of quavering Hindu melodies, perspired freely—till the *gulal* trickled down their black skins like small blood-red streams, and chattered and laughed as only Hindus can do. We crossed the three miles of level plain under the torrid rays of a sun which none

but "globe-trotters" would have willingly encountered. Thence, for fourteen miles, it was steady "collar-work" over a road heavy and sandy, in many parts, as the sea-shore. And yet neither rest nor refreshment did the coolies take, further than a wash and a drink at the occasional mountain rivulets which we passed, and a puff at an odd little hookah which they handed round at intervals, one long whiff of which seemed to impart fresh life to them.

Whilst daylight lasted the charm of the scenery helped to carry one along. Skirting, as we did for some miles, the base of isolated Mount Abu, the black granite ramparts of the Aravelli range rising from their bed of jungle at the opposite side of the wide valley were a fine spectacle, more especially as the whole intervening plain was fairly ablaze—like a prairie-fire—with the vermilion flame-colour blossom of the Tesu or Palas-trees. After two hours we entered the pass, hemmed in on either side by tangled jungle and monstrous rocks fashioned into such strange weird shapes that one ceased to marvel at the native propensity for peopling such formations with spirits—sometimes good, but mostly bad, for Hindus are worshippers of nature in all its moods. Rajput horsemen overtook, and cantered past us, and parties of pilgrims, who had been worshipping at Dilwarra, piously greeted us with, "Ram, Ram," as we passed each other. We knew well that the steeps on either side of our way were the home of wild creatures both savage and otherwise, but all that we saw of such forest denizens were companies of large, white-coated apes that leapt from tree to tree above us or sat solemnly munching their evening meal in blissful unconsciousness that their own *raison d'être* might probably be to become, on some ill-fated night, the supper of some stealthy panther or hungry young wolves.

Daylight merged into darkness in the swift Eastern fashion which admits of little twilight, and we still had three hours of journeying before us. The loneliness became oppressive as we passed from one gorge to another—a tortuous and winding way, and, in the darkness, like a black, illimitable labyrinth. The only sound which broke the stillness were the sharp cries of the coolies to scare from the vicinity any wild thing, from a panther to a carait—a small and deadly brown snake which infests these mountains—which might be out on a nocturnal forage. And the only gleams of light were from the embers of occasional wayside fires, left by pilgrims after baking their chupatties, or

by roadmakers after cooking their rice. At last a wild cheer from the coolies and the appearance of glimmering lights behind palm-trees and rocks told us that Abu was within measurable distance and our present weariness well-nigh at an end.

Clearly the reward must be great which could adequately compensate for a seven hours' journey in a rickshaw so inhumanly contrived as was mine; and as we sallied forth on the following day we questioned with ourselves whether we had done either wisely or well in being where we were at such cost. Abu is a "hill-station" 7,000 feet above the plain, and the head-quarters of the Rajputana Administration. We walked for a mile or more along the plateau upon which the cantonment spreads itself in scattered buildings and bungalows. Palms and acacias sprang from a rocky bed on the right of our way, and a still higher ridge of rock rose far above us on our left from the summit of which a small white temple peeped down upon us. Up the steep heights, by a rock-path, a long line of pilgrims, in single file and gay in vivid colours, wended their painful way under the blazing afternoon sun, to make some simple offering at the shrine—perhaps a handful of Vishnu's white jasmine which grows wild in the valley below, or a sprig of the sacred *tulsi* plant, the emblem of Parvati. Truly, in zeal, these Hindus show us a rare and commendable example.

A sudden bend in the road, skirting a mound of granite which had been washed into undulations by the waters of primæval centuries, brought within range of our sight a group of quaint, picturesque buildings—some clustering domes embowered in a grove of mango-trees and standing on a rocky platform. The domes were supported on granite pillars, and their white shunam coating sparkled against the dark, rich, green background of the mango foliage. But could these indeed be the world-famed Jaina Temples of Dilwarra, of which it has been said by "one who knows" that "for minute delicacy of carving and beauty of detail they stand unrivalled even in this land of patient and lavish labour." The group is formed of four or five temples enclosed by a wall sombered by centuries, and there is little to lead you to suppose that there lies within one of the most perfect architectural gems in the world.

To reach the enclosure, we had to pass through a narrow lane of squalid huts, crowded with solemn-looking men and

women and hilarious children. At the entrance two sepoy were stationed. A peon too was there, to whom we presented the order without which no European is allowed to enter. Then the door—a sort of temporary barricade—was opened and there was disclosed to us a treasure-house of art which made us silent with admiration and astonishment. Almost one could have knelt, like pagans, and worshipped—or at least venerated—this thing of wonderful beauty, human creative power, and patient lavish labour. For, paradoxical though it sound, surely patient labour must invariably accompany any great creative work of man's. One is the divine, the other the human element in it. Before the exceeding loveliness of the Dilwarra Temples one sits feeling helpless and diminished and searching for words forcible and vivid enough in which to speak of their beauty.

To the right, on entering the enclosure, an ascent of a few steps leads you into the first of the two principal temples. It is more modern, by nearly two centuries, and more lavish in its ornament than the other, but similar in plan and, as history has it, was built at the cost of two wealthy merchant brothers. The portico—which is the distinctive feature of the Jaina Temples, as the gate-pyramid, or *gopura*, is of the Dravidian—here consists of a central dome, clustered around which are other smaller domes, the whole supported on forty-eight detached pillars. The sanctuary—a cell raised on a platform—occupies the further end, and over it rises the pyramidal spire which indicates the presence of the deity. In the cell is enshrined the god of dedication, Parswanatha, one of the greatest of the Jaina Tirthankers, or saints. The whole is enclosed in a courtyard measuring 140×90 feet, and round it runs a domed and double cloister which is raised some three feet above the level of the courtyard and is formed by smaller pillars. The claustral pillars form the porticoes of fifty-five small cells or chapels which are recessed in the walls, and in each of which is placed a fac-simile image of the cross-legged deity of the temple. This multiplicity of the same image is another characteristic of Jainism. This is all of milk-white marble, and to attempt to describe the central dome, its supporting pillars with their bracket capitals, its friezes of classical beauty, its pedestals, its statues, and, above all, its pendant; or to do adequate justice, in words, even to the half-hidden recesses of the smaller and claustral domes and of each separate pillar and entrance to the chapels, would be a hopeless task.

We are told that this temple, small as it is, cost the two brothers twenty million of rupees, and that its building occupied fourteen years. But, granted the time and the money, how was this great artistic work, in all its sumptuous grace, realized? Because it may undoubtedly be pronounced the finest specimen of architectural carving in the known world—in spite of a certain grotesquery in the sculpturing of the figures, common to all Hindu work. Could the result have been achieved in some such fashion as this? Granted the master-mind who conceived the scheme, and suppose that he called to his aid the most renowned sculptors of his style, and placed in the hands of each a pillar, a panel, or a dome—which, by the way, are all executed in single blocks—with such instructions as these: “Time and money are of no moment. Subject to the general design, you are free to fashion these blocks of marble into the most varied and elaborate sculptures. There shall be no repetition of ornament. There shall be no plain surfaces, and the work shall be finished in the highest degree of perfection. And, although of the utmost delicacy, it shall be so undercut and relieved as to sparkle like the work of a silver-smith.” For it is a fact that, although from the base of the columns to the crown of the cupolas there is hardly a square inch which is not carved into the semblance of figures, niches, or foliage, yet there is no confusion of detail, and the whole stands out with a distinctness and brilliancy difficult to realize without being seen. You have the utmost profusion without vulgarity, so difficult of achievement; and the whole scheme of ornament is on such harmonious lines that the eye feels no fatigue from its exuberance. On the contrary, it only suggests—so true is it that all the arts are kindred—a well-conceived and graceful symphony or an exquisite idyll full of life and poetry. A stream of architectural thought and purpose runs through it all and adds to it another charm—that of mystery; for, as Mr. Fergusson points out, “The oldest Jaina monument may be of the tenth century [these on Mount Abu belong to the eleventh and thirteenth], but the style, when we first encounter it, is complete and full-grown. There is no hesitation about the design—no wooden clumsiness about the details. The whole is the result of centuries of experience in stone architecture; but when and where we do not know.”

The Jains, a Hindu sect who claim for their own form of worship an antiquity of origin even more remote than that of

Brahmanism, come in great numbers from distant parts of India, as well as from their own special provinces of Guzerat and Mysore, to worship at this—one of their holiest shrines. Their religion has been spoken of as "Buddhism without its asceticism"—in other words, without its monasticism. But as that formed the very element and essence of Sakya Sinha's discipline, the comparison is hardly a felicitous one. With its pantheon of twenty-four Tirthankar's or gods—the last of whom, Mahavira, was the acknowledged friend and preceptor of the Buddha—and its mass of superstition and idolatry, the analogy is much closer between the Jaina religion and the Hinduism from whence it sprang, than between it and *Indian* Buddhism which, from the time of its birth until its utter extinction, aimed at the purifying and reforming of ancient Brahmanism. All three cling tenaciously to the doctrine of metempsychosis, and the Jains hold that no woman can gain eternal happiness *as a woman*. She must first so live as to merit re-incarnation as a man, when she may have the opportunity of earning, at the end of another well-spent life upon earth, the privilege of entering into the company of the gods. The spirit of the "advanced woman" has not yet touched Jaina land.

A provident Government has taken under its guardianship these monuments of ancient art. For the poorer among the pilgrims not only "put up" within the sacred enclosure, but made fires for cooking their rice on the marble pavements, and were gradually laying waste the beautiful place. So the "powers that be" decreed, in the cause of art, that these things must not be, and, with great tact and discretion, ruled that no visitor should go there except at stated times and furnished with an order from the Government Agency; furthermore, that a fitting demeanour of reverence for the character of the place should be insisted on by the removal of visitors' hats or shoes; and that, on the other hand, though worshippers were free to go at all other times, an authorized curator from among their own people should always be in attendance, who should be held responsible to Government for any further desecration of the temples' beauty. These laws are now in operation, and the incomparable Jaina Temples of Dilwarra may therefore be handed down to the generations of countless centuries to come—truly a miracle of art and worthy of a pilgrimage.

S. H. DUNN.

Mount Sion.

Sedet æternumque sedebit,

I.

THREE nations are our teachers : two have fled,
Deep buried in the dark abysm of time,
Greece, with her voice still living from the dead,
In art, in science, and in thought sublime,
Leads us to-day, as she hath ever led—
The offspring of this earth's refulgent prime.
Rome, with her government and firm-set law,
The stateliest empire that the world e'er saw.

II.

Not so the third : the Jew is with us still,
The byeword of the nations, whose strange fate
Due to his fixed perversity of will,
His children's children doom'd to expiate,
Their destiny of wandering fulfil,
Stubborn of soul, yet in their misery great,
The haughty Gentile on his neck has trod,
Once guardian of the oracles of God.

III.

The chosen race, to whom the Lord of old
Made known the thunders of His Law, and then,
By miracles and prophecies foretold,
Sent down the Saviour of mankind to men

To draw us to Himself, and to unfold,
In grace and beauty still beyond our ken,
The knowledge of the Truth that makes us free,
And merges Time into Eternity.

IV.

How dear to us each sacred spot of earth
O'er which the feet of Jesus once have pass'd,
Fair Bethlehem, the village of His Birth,
And Naz'reth, where His early years were cast !
Dearer than all, and most supreme in worth,
To which the memory turns both first and last,
Those twin hills rear'd against the morning light,
The mountain stronghold of the Jebusite.

V.

How often passing on by hill or plain,
Or gazing from the brow of Olivet,
Did Saul and Samuel long those heights to gain
(Like two fair jewels for a coronet),
Till that proud host, the last among the slain,
Exulting in their strength unconquer'd yet,
Of Judah's lion learnt the deadly spring,
And David felt himself indeed a King !

VI.

The Mount of God, Mount Sion, who can tell
The sacred music lurking in the sound ?
Moriah, where the Temple rose and fell,
And ancient monuments above, around :
All weave about the heart their potent spell.
You tread Jerusalem : 'tis holy ground,
The city of the everlasting gates,
For which the pious Hebrew prays and waits.

VII.

The Mount of God, what wonders hath it seen !
The city of peace—encompassèd with foes !
Lo! round its walls, tho' ages roll between,
The Babylonian and the Roman close,
The bloody Turk and the Crusader keen,
Yet Sion in due time shall know repose.
Ruin and desolation there may sit,
But the Lord God Himself hath founded it.

VIII.

And it hath ever stood and still shall stand,
A type of faith for those who, even here,
Have kept, with breaking heart and failing hand,
Their "bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,"
And Christ shall guide them to the shining land,
Which He hath promised to His children dear,
To the "blest kingdoms meek of joy and love,"
The Sion and Jerusalem above.

R. C. S.

Traditional History and the Spanish Treason of 1601—3.

I.

WE are all familiar with the idea, made classical by Cardinal Newman's incomparable pen, that among the obstacles which, in this country of ours, retard the spread of Catholic truth, none is more formidable than the great Protestant Tradition, whose strength is in those very qualities that should suffice to condemn it in the eyes of rational men. It is wholly unreasoning, and on that account cannot be touched by argument; it rests on no specific facts for a basis, and therefore remains unshaken and supreme, whatever alleged facts may be discredited or demolished. It is indeed the sustaining principle of innumerable fables, but these are no more than bubbles on the surface, which may swell or burst without affecting the tranquil deeps below. It threatens us with many heads at once strident and venomous; but should one of these be struck off, like the Hydra of old, it manifests its unimpaired vitality by producing two instead.

Of all this, by sad experience, we are well aware; and yet there probably are few who realize to what an extent the field of history, or what passes for such, is challenged by Tradition for her own. Those only who have had occasion to pry beneath the surface, can form any conception of the potency of this factor; and even they will probably be slow to realize how much that is handed on unquestioned from generation to generation, has in reality no more solid foundation than an assumed first principle as to the true inwardness of things, and as to the course which they must in substance have taken, whatever may be the truth or untruth of particular items.

Most notably is this the case in regard of the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—the all-important crisis in our national life, when a new religion was cunningly foisted

upon a reluctant people: for this is a point as to which, for obvious reasons, the employment of the traditional method has been found to offer special advantages.

An example drawn from recent experience will at once illustrate and substantiate my meaning. Some remarks of mine upon the Gunpowder Plot brought me lately into controversy with a reverend antagonist, who obviously did not deem it necessary, for the discussion of the subject, either to inform himself of what I had to say about it, or to possess the most elementary acquaintance with the accounts of it as published by historians. He finally, with much formality and emphasis, made three assertions, which he challenged me to contradict: firstly, on the authority of Hallam (who speaks of it as a "damning fact"), that Father Garnet was captured in hiding along with "the rest of the conspirators;" secondly, that two of the Jesuits implicated in the Plot have been beatified by Leo XIII.; thirdly, that Father Garnet in a document still extant, fully acknowledges his acquaintance with the Plot, out of confession. The reply was not difficult. As to the first point, Hallam has made a gross and inexcusable blunder. The conspirators were not taken in concealment, but in open fight. Father Garnet was never seen, and was never alleged to have been seen, in their company. So far from being found with them, he was apprehended nearly three months later; being captured at Hendlip, in Worcestershire, on the very day on which they were being hanged in London. As to the second point, no Jesuit alive at the time of the Powder Plot has been beatified. As to the third, the confession quoted as Garnet's was not his, but was derived from those eminent historical authorities, the *Protestant Observer* and the *Rock*, which, by judicious suppressions and interpolations, had made him say the exact opposite of what he actually did.

It might possibly be imagined that such an answer would be allowed to have something in it; but, of course, nothing of the kind. "How," asked my opponent, "does this affect the general fact?" Then, in righteous indignation, he continued: "I am weary of the quibbling Romanist writers. The notorious truth is that the Jesuits were the master conspirators throughout Elizabeth's and James's reigns. They passed through the country with Papal Bulls upon their persons inciting to treason. . . . In brief, in these two reigns they fought to establish the Pope as the supreme arbiter of the fortunes of our island."

This is a fair specimen of the time-honoured fashion of treating history as a game of hunt the slipper. It is mere quibbling to examine the truth of this or that, when the "general fact" being "notorious" requires neither proof nor investigation; it is useless to treat matters in detail, when they may be summarily dealt with "in brief." No Jesuit, indeed, was ever found with a Papal Bull about him, inciting to rebellion; but, what of that? These are mere pettifogging particulars, which the larger mind of the traditional historian regards with silent contempt.

Neither must it be supposed that writers of greater name and weight are exempt from the influence of the same principle, though they do not, of course, profess it in its bald and naked simplicity. Instances in point are not far to seek. I confine myself, however, to such authors as have, and deservedly so, a high position, whose honesty of purpose is unquestionable, who would not willingly set down what they do not themselves thoroughly believe, but who, at the same time, under the thraldom of immemorial prejudice, receive unhesitatingly as true, when Catholics are concerned, what they would certainly reject, if it came to them on similar evidence, in regard of anything else.

It is abundantly evident that, for all their good-will and desire to do justice by all, such historians are wholly unable to appreciate the motives which, during the period of which we are speaking, animated the men who strove to keep alive in England the embers of the ancient faith. They see that the missionary priests endured all hardships, and braved all dangers, leading a hunted life, with a price on their head like wolves, and with almost a certainty that sooner or later they would have to face the horrors of a prison, or the ghastly butchery of the scaffold. What motive could have been powerful enough to sustain such efforts? That all was done for love of the souls of men—that the salvation of their countrymen appeared to the missionaries a thing of sufficient worth to be bought with blood—that communion with God's Church was in their eyes the most precious heritage of Englishmen, to be preserved to them at all costs—such an explanation appears to modern wisdom wholly and obviously ridiculous. There must have been something behind—something which the world, if it cannot sympathize with it, can at least understand. The external triumph of the Church, the restoration of its ancient prerogatives and splendour

—like that restitution of the Kingdom of Israel of which the Jews dreamed—this alone can have been the object for which so long and so pertinaciously men toiled and suffered; and accordingly with this key are the dark places of history unlocked, and a rational account is afforded of conduct otherwise inexplicable.¹

Thus Mr. Gardiner, who not only stands in the front rank of our historians, but is conspicuous for his fair-mindedness, when speaking of Mary Queen of Scots, and the danger to Queen Elizabeth which she inevitably occasioned, writes as follows: "While Mary was lying within the walls of an English prison, her name became a tower of strength to the Papal party throughout Europe. . . . Every tear she dropped put a sword into the hands of the Pope and the Spaniard. . . . Jesuits and missionary priests swarmed over from the Continent, and whispered hopes of victory in the ears of their disciples. Incessant attempts were made to assassinate Elizabeth."² Presently he adds: "We shake our heads incredulously when we hear a priest from Douai urging that he was merely a poor missionary, that he was a loyal subject to the Queen, and that, if success attended his undertaking, it would be followed by no political change."

All this, assuredly, does not smack of sober history. I will only remark that it is not in Mr. Gardiner's best style, and that he does not write thus when dealing with any other topic. I prefer to continue my examination in connection with one of the "innumerable attempts" to assassinate Elizabeth of which he has spoken, as it is related by another writer. This is the author of *Annals of England*,³ a handbook which has received the *imprimatur* of no less an authority than Bishop Stubbs, who, having read it as it passed through the press, without pledging himself to every date or every view that is found in it, testifies to its general accuracy and great usefulness, and to his

¹ This same point appears from the first to have perplexed non-Catholics. The Ambassador at Paris, Sir Thomas Parry, writing to the Earl of Salisbury, Nov. 28, 1605, gives an interesting account of a conversation with the celebrated Père Cotton, confessor to Henri IV. Speaking of the missionaries in England, he says: "I demanded of him what their errand and purpose was, and why they departed not the realm, upon sundry warnings and proclamations." Cotton replied, "The zeal to do good in their calling is more dear to them than their life, they are natural Englishmen, and desire to save such of their blood and alliance as they may." (P.R.O. *France*, bundle 132.)

² *History of England, 1605-1642*, i. 14.

³ Parker and Co., 1876. Library Edition.

belief that it is the most valuable compendium of our history that we possess; adding that he himself and Professor Goldwin Smith proved its utility as a handbook in their lectures. It may, moreover, be freely admitted that in general the book fully merits such high commendation, and on that account do I cite it. It must be remembered that it is a compendium, which, within the limits of 543 pages, sketches English history from the year 57 B.C. to the death of Queen Anne. It cannot therefore be expected to enter into minor details, or, if it does so, they must be taken to be of some special importance. One incident treated at abnormal length is the treason of Squires, of which we have the following account: "Edward Squyer, convicted of attempting to poison the queen, is executed, Nov. 13 (1598)."¹ Then in a note is added: "He was a soldier on board Essex's fleet against the Azores in the preceding year, and being taken prisoner, was, according to his indictment, induced to undertake the task of killing the queen, by the persuasion of one Walpole, an English priest, in the service of Philip of Spain. Walpole is recorded to have administered the Eucharist to him, and assured him that if he succeeded 'he should be a glorious saint in heaven.' Then he embraced him, 'throwing his left arm about his neck, and making the sign of the cross on his head, saying, God bless thee and give thee strength, my son, and be of good courage: I will pawn my soul for thine, and thou shalt have my prayers both dead and alive, and full pardon of all thy sins.'"

Now, what is the truth about the affair, thus selected for such exceptional prominence? Of this same treason of Squires, Dr. Lingard observes,² "If Titus Oates had never existed, the history of this ridiculous plot would suffice to show how easily the most absurd fictions obtain credit, when the public mind is under the influence of religious prejudice." The story, which brought the unhappy man to the gallows, was that Walpole, who I may remark, was a Jesuit, had sent him over from Spain, to poison the pommel of Queen Elizabeth's saddle, and the seat of the chair on which the Earl of Essex used to sit. Squires stoutly denied the allegation, till he had been for five hours on the rack,³ and then, though he had himself compounded the poison, he could not remember what it was. There was opium in it, he knew, and "white mercury water," but the other three ingredients, presumably the more potent, had escaped his

¹ P. 365.

² *History of England*, vii. Note CC.

³ *Ibid.* p. 581.

memory.¹ He was able, however, to say, that the mixture, whatever it was, after being compounded, had to be put in an earthen pot and set a month in the sun; and as to its efficacy, "he saith that he applied part of it to a whelp of one Edwardes of Greenwich, and never saw the whelp after, and thinks it died thereof." If there were nothing else, the ludicrous scene enacted in court at his trial would sufficiently discredit the whole affair. "One of the Counsel for the Crown," says Lingard,² "represented with great pathos the danger of Elizabeth; but his feelings grew too big for utterance; he burst into a flood of tears, and was compelled to sit down. The next who rose was more successful. His task was to describe her wonderful escape from the venom on the saddle. It was as evidently a miracle as any recorded in Holy Writ, 'For albeit the season was hot, and the veins open to receive any malign tainture, yet her body felt no distemperature, nor her hand no more hurt than Paul's did when he shook off the viper into the fire.'" After such tragedies, it is somewhat of a bathos to hear from a contemporary, Goodman, Anglican Bishop of Gloucester, that "the Queen did seldom ride or use a saddle," for which, and other reasons, he says of the story, "it was a thing so incredible that I took no heed of it. . . . All I can say is, I heard a justice, one that had as much employment and as able a man as any other justice whatsoever, speak very scoffingly of it."³ Neither must it be forgotten, as Father Garnet reminded his judges, that Squires was a Protestant, and therefore not exactly the man to win the confidence of a Jesuit. Much more might be said concerning this preposterous plot, and its still more preposterous "discovery," but this may suffice, to indicate the true character of an incident selected for such exceptional treatment as we have seen. I am, however, tempted to quote the remark of Father Walpole, in his indignant disclaimer, "The world is now grown over well acquainted with the tales of queen-killing, as likewise that these brutes are inductions to the killing of such innocent servants of God as light into the hands and power of the bloodthirsty."⁴

Another interesting and instructive example of the manner in which things are taken for granted, when Catholics are concerned, by those who usually plume themselves, and with

¹ Foley, *Records*, ii. 244.

² P. 582.

³ *Court of King James* (Edit. Brewer), p. 156.

⁴ *The discoverie and confutation of a tragical fiction*, &c. p. 14.

reason, upon their habits of research, is to be found in connection with the Gunpowder Plot. As everybody knows, the point which has most exercised the minds of historians, is whether Father Garnet had or had not any knowledge of that intended crime, obtained outside of the confessional. An argument which has been frequently adduced against him is, that on November 1st, four days before the projected explosion, in a religious service, he used a Latin hymn wherein occurred the words, *Gentem auferte perfidam credentium de finibus*—"Take away the miscreant race from the realms of the faithful," with obvious reference to the wholesale destruction of heretics which seemed impending. This hymn, the Protestant Speed informs us,¹ was in fact specially composed for the occasion by Garnet himself, and the learned Leopold von Ranke, of whom better things might be expected, evidently shares the same belief, adding that Garnet "interrupted" the service to introduce the effusion.² As a matter of fact, the hymn in question (*Christe, Redemptor omnium*) was then of great antiquity, being found—with the said verse—in three MSS. in the British Museum, all written before the Norman Conquest.³ Moreover, being appointed in the Roman Breviary for the feast of All Saints (Nov. 1st), it was on that same day said or sung by every priest in Christendom. Some modern authors appear to have obtained an inkling of the truth in this regard, amongst them Mr. Gardiner, though he quotes no higher authority on the subject than another Protestant writer, Mr. Jardine. But while acknowledging that the fact has some weight, he goes on to make the rather gratuitous remark, "There can, however, be no doubt that on this occasion it [the hymn] was sung with peculiar fervour."⁴ That is to say, although the incident, cited as evidence of Garnet's complicity with the treason, is shown to be altogether irrelevant to the question, yet so certain is it that he was an accomplice, and, apparently, not he alone but all the Catholics present, that we can have "no doubt" as to their behaviour. Once more, whatever mishaps may befall the minor particulars capable of examination, the impalpable "general fact" remains "notorious."

One other instance I must mention, and again with reference to Mr. Gardiner, and I repeat that I select him to furnish

¹ *Historie*, p. 1234.

² *History of England* (Clarendon Press, 1875), i. 412.

³ *Viz.*, *Jul. A.* vi. f. 60; *Vesp. D.* xii. f. 94 b; *Harl.* 2961. f. 244.

⁴ *History*, i. 279.

examples, precisely because he is so eminent an historian, and in intention so scrupulously fair. Speaking of the same Father Garnet, and weighing the probabilities which tell for or against his innocence, Mr. Gardiner thus explains how it might easily be that the Jesuit Superior should have tacitly favoured, or at least permitted, so atrocious an action as that contemplated by Catesby and his associates. "Garnet," he writes, "no doubt had, as it were, an official conscience. He might to a great extent succeed in bringing himself into that frame of mind *which his duty required him to be in*."¹ In other words, whatever may be doubtful, this is to be assumed as certain, that such criminal proceedings pertained to the official duties of the Catholic priesthood.

The above illustrations, which might be indefinitely multiplied, will perhaps serve to indicate the general nature of the influence exercised by the Protestant Tradition upon the writing of history. I now proceed to a more minute scrutiny of one particular episode.

There can be no doubt that nothing has done more to prejudice the minds of our fellow-countrymen against the Catholics of this island, than the belief that the latter in post-Reformation days were not good Englishmen, and were ever ready to play into the hands of any foreign foe, and chiefly of the Spaniards. How persistent is this idea was evidenced upon an interesting occasion within the last two years. When in 1894 the Centenary celebrations at Stonyhurst drew public attention to the history of that establishment, the first origins of which are to be sought three centuries ago at St. Omers, amongst many kindly and cordial notices which appeared in the Press, was a leading article in the *Standard* newspaper,² which, while fully acknowledging the loyalty and patriotism of

¹ *History*, i. 276. This remark testifies to the vitality of a misconception long prevalent, and propagated afresh by the veracious Dr. Littledale. In the *Institute* of the Society of Jesus it is said that a precept under obedience, avails, in certain cases, *inducere obligationem ad peccatum*, i.e., as is evident from the context, disobedience becomes sinful. The phrase, however, has been taken to mean, that such a precept can oblige the person commanded to perform a sinful act; which is directly contrary to the first principles of Catholic doctrine, and to the explicit language of the said *Institute*, whereby the province of obedience is expressly limited to that in which there is neither sin nor shadow of sin. In the first edition of his *Student's History of England*, Mr. Gardiner formally stated the doctrine in its erroneous form, but his attention being called to the truth of the matter, he was at pains to correct the mistake, and he has in later editions cancelled the passage.

² July 26, 1894.

Stonyhurst men of the present, could not refrain from drawing a contrast, to the disadvantage of the past. "When Father Parsons," it was said, "the famous Jesuit scholar and plotter, founded in 1592 the Seminary of St. Omer for the education of English and Irish Catholics, he did a great work for the cause of learning. . . . Necessary in their day [such colleges] rendered an indifferent service to the native land of those who had been driven to seek entrance to these refuges of a persecuted faith. They bred up men with English names but foreign feelings, bitter at the thought of being excluded from sharing in the traditions of the land of which they knew so little, besides hatching an evil brood of conspirators against the mother-country." Not improbably, the writer of such a paragraph would be astonished to learn that English Catholics of the nineteenth century do not relish an intended compliment which dissociates them from their brethren of three hundred years ago, men whom they venerate as confessors of the faith, which in evil days they preserved for us. We are loth to believe that they who were so good Catholics could be other than good Englishmen, and at least demand clear and convincing proof before we subscribe to a charge which if substantiated would cruelly outrage our most cherished ideals.

I do not wish to deal in "general facts," and shall not attempt to treat the broad question of Catholic loyalty or disloyalty as a whole. Neither do I propose at present to discuss the individual case of such men as Cardinal Allen, Nicholas Sander, and Father Parsons himself, who are commonly assumed to have merited such epithets as we have heard applied to the last named amongst them: though about him I shall have to say something presently. But "general facts," to be worth anything, must be based on individual facts specifically established, and requiring to be examined one by one. I wish to look into the evidence respecting an alleged incident, supposed to furnish a notorious and undeniable instance of Catholic practices, and their treasonable character, and to inquire how far the facts bear out such a view. Unless I am much mistaken, no very profound investigation will be necessary to manifest the utter worthlessness of the evidence they afford for any such purpose, and at the same time to illustrate, once more, the strange lack of the critical spirit, which writers, usually nothing if not critical, are wont to display when Catholics are in question; while, which is still more important, instructive

suspicions are suggested as to the methods whereby evidence of this kind was in the first instance produced.

What is known as the "Spanish Treason," includes two distinct but closely-connected actions, one of which occurred at the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the other at the beginning of that of King James. I must begin by briefly summarizing the story. A little more than a year before the Queen died, that is, towards the close of 1601, Thomas Winter, afterwards a principal actor in the Gunpowder Plot, went to Spain, to make arrangements with Philip III. for an invasion of England. After the accession of King James, Christopher Wright, another of the Powder Plot men, was despatched on a like errand. Those who instigated both to go, were Lord Monteagle, Catesby, and Tresham, all afterwards, in one way or another, connected with the Powder Plot, and, most important of all, Father Garnet. In company with Winter went another Jesuit, Father Greenway. Finally, about ten months after Wright's journey, the notable Guy Faukes himself was sent to Spain from Flanders, by a third Jesuit, Father Baldwin, to expedite the business. It is the connection of these three Jesuit Fathers with the affair which alone gives it any importance or significance. The other actors, Catesby, Monteagle, Tresham, Winter, Wright, and Faukes, are known to have been reckless and turbulent men, constantly implicated in dangerous enterprises, and even though it should clearly appear that they acted as is alleged, their conduct could not in justice be held to compromise the general body of English Catholics. But with Garnet, Greenway, and Baldwin, the case is altogether different. If they took part in such an affair, their conduct goes far to justify the prejudice of Englishmen against the whole body of the missionary priests; while for themselves in particular, what they are found to have done once, they may reasonably be suspected of having been ready to do again, and accordingly the assumed certainty of their complicity with this treason has, not unnaturally, weighed heavily against them in regard of the Gunpowder conspiracy, which was its sequel. One other fact must be mentioned, which is generally regarded as conclusive upon this point. On the accession of James I., Father Garnet thought it well to take out a general pardon of all offences prior to that event, a precaution, it is said, tantamount to an acknowledgment of his guilt.

Before proceeding to the investigation of these allegations, it

must be premised that, as usual in such cases, there is doubtless a foundation of fact. Stories of this kind could not, if they were to obtain any credit, be purely fictitious. To seize upon something that actually happened, and dexterously to embroider it, as the French saying is, with what altogether changes its complexion, this was the art practised by many skilful adepts in the days of which we speak. Undoubtedly, Winter and Wright, at least, went to Spain, and, possibly, when there they entered into negotiations of a seditious nature: undoubtedly, too, Father Garnet gave them letters of introduction to Cresswell, an English Jesuit resident in Spain. It must however be remembered, that while he utterly denied all knowledge of any political purpose connected with their journey, he declared that it was his practice to write such letters on behalf of any Catholics going abroad, for whom they were asked; and that as to Christopher Wright, he did not know him even by sight. We must therefore go beyond these admitted facts, if we are to form a sound opinion.

It would however appear that our historians have considered this unnecessary. Mr. Jardine, discussing the question of Father Garnet's guilt or innocence in regard of the Gunpowder Plot, writes as follows:¹ "Garnet was the friend of Catesby, Thomas Winter, and Greenway. He had avowedly participated with them in two previous capital treasons, one immediately before, the other immediately after, the death of Queen Elizabeth, which he himself considered so serious, that he thought it necessary to shelter himself from punishment by a pardon." Mr. Jardine dwells repeatedly elsewhere on this last circumstance. Mr. Gardiner takes it for granted that Garnet, even if he did not fully approve the object of Winter's mission, was at least acquainted with it, when he recommended him to Creswell,² and elsewhere, speaking of the Powder Treason, plainly declares:³ "That Garnet was fully aware that violence of some kind was contemplated, it is impossible to doubt. It is equally clear that he had no objection on principle to such a movement." Even Lingard, whose historical insight is so keen, expresses no misgivings as to the truth respecting the nature of the missions of Winter and Wright, and the connection of Garnet with both.⁴ Tierney is equally convinced,⁵ and in his *Life of a Conspirator*,⁶ a Catholic writer of the present day

¹ *Gunpowder Plot*, p. 304.² *History*, i. 99.³ *Ibid.* 275.⁴ *History*, vii. 9.⁵ *Dodd's Church History*, iv. 8, note.⁶ P. 52.

adopts the story in its traditional form. There are, however, various arguments which suggest a different conclusion, and these have now to be examined.

We must begin with a fuller statement of the official story, which shall be given in its most authentic form, that in which it was presented by Sir Edward Coke, the Attorney-General, on occasion of the trial of the Powder conspirators. In his curious laboured fashion he related its particulars to this effect :¹

First, in December, 1601, did Henry Garnet, Oswald Greenway, Robert Catesby, Francis Tresham, and others, employ Thomas Winter into Spain, for the general good of the Roman Catholic cause, and by him did Garnet write letters in that behalf to Father Cresswell, a Jesuit, residing in Spain. With Thomas Winter did Greenway, the Jesuit, go as an associate and confederate in that conspiracy. The message (which was principally committed to Winter) was that he should make a proposition and request to the King of Spain, that the King would send an army into England, and that the forces of the Catholics in England should be prepared to join with him ; and because that in all attempts upon England the greatest difficulty was ever found to be the transportation of horses, the Catholics of England would assure the King of Spain, to have always in readiness, "two thousand horses armed at all points for the service of the war."² Winter and Greenway, by means of Father Cresswell, had speech with the King's Ministers, Lerma and Miranda ; the King himself willingly embraced the motion ; and Winter having attended the progress of the Court throughout the summer of 1602, this answer was finally given him : That the King would bestow one hundred thousand crowns to that use, and would set foot in England the next spring, desiring, however, to have certain advertisement if in the mean time the Queen should die. Thomas Winter, laden with these hopes, returned to England about a month before Christmas, 1602.

On the 24th of March following, Queen Elizabeth died, and James I. peacefully succeeded. Presently after, Christopher Wright was sent by the same Garnet, Catesby, and Tresham, both to carry the news of her Majesty's death, and to continue the aforesaid negotiation that Winter had dealt in : and, about two months later, Faukes was, for the same purpose, employed out of Flanders, by Sir William Stanley, Hugh Owen, and Baldwin, the Jesuit, and was specially commissioned to inform King Philip that James was like to run the same course with

¹ The speech is given in *State Trials*. Coke likewise told the story over again in the arraignment of Father Garnet, his second version being found in an abbreviated form *Ibid.*, and more at large in a contemporary report. (Brit. Mus. MSS. Add. 21203, *Plut.* ciii. f. 26.)

² MS. report, ut sup.

Catholics which the late Queen did. By this time, however, there was peace between England and Spain, and the envoys were curtly informed that nothing could be done.

Such is the story presented to us, and historians have been unable wholly to ignore some of the difficulties which it presents. In the first place, it is certain that, whatever was undertaken, one of the chief persons concerned was Lord Monteagle, who plays so important a part in the history of the Gunpowder Plot, and that the Government did all in their power to conceal this fact; for they carefully, but ineffectually, endeavoured to obliterate his name in the documents dealing with the subject.¹ Moreover, the dates given are hard to understand, and Mr. Gardiner places Winter's mission some months later than it is said to have occurred.² Mr. Jardine perceives that, for a reason which will presently appear, Tresham and Monteagle cannot possibly have been concerned with the sending of Christopher Wright or Faukes.³ Neither is it easy to account for the fact that no attempt was made to execute the projected scheme: and historians⁴ have been obliged to explain that the plans of the confederates were frustrated by the death of Elizabeth, that is, by the very event which was to have set them in motion.

In spite of these drawbacks, however, as has been said, the story told by the Government of the day has in substance been accepted without demur; and yet there is much in it so extraordinary, as to make it hard to understand how suspicion has not been excited.

In the first place, the men alleged to have concocted the design were private individuals, of little importance and in no position to influence their fellow Catholics. What they were able to do in this direction was clearly shown when, very shortly afterwards, they attempted to stir up a rebellion in connection with the Gunpowder Plot. Then, except for the small handful of actual accomplices, thirteen in all, they were not joined by a single individual; and so little in touch were they with Catholics of rank and station, as to have doomed them to destruction along with the others. Yet, we are told, one of these men, going to the King of Spain with no better

¹ Viz., in Winter's declaration of November 25, and Tresham's confession of November 29, 1605.

² *History*, i. 99.

³ *Gunpowder Plot*, p. 80.

⁴ E.g., Tierney, *Dodd's Church History*, iv. 8.

credentials than could be furnished by the rest, was received and treated as an Ambassador ; a most grave political act being undertaken on the strength of his engagements. Then, with the recollections of the Armada not more than twelve years old, the King airily proposes to land an army in England within the next six months, as if this were the sort of thing he could do whenever the fancy took him. More remarkable still, he makes no preparations for any such enterprise. For the Armada, Philip II. had strenuously made ready during ten years. That Philip III. did nothing during the few months at his disposal, we shall presently see some interesting evidence. Apart from this, however, the fact that the English Government had no knowledge of coming danger, is proof enough, for we are told by his panegyrist, Sir Robert Naunton,¹ that Cecil, the English Minister, was not only "his craft's master in foreign intelligence and for domestic affairs," but especially knew "from his own" what were the Spaniard's preparations in all his ports, what ships he had in each, what were their burthens, their preparations, and their destination.

No less inexplicable is the conduct of the home conspirators. We have seen that they undertook to supply the Spanish army with horses, this being commonly the main difficulty in invasions of England, which would seem to imply that such invasions were of frequent occurrence. Afterwards, on occasion of their own rising, already mentioned, they could not raise a couple of score of horses, and were not above breaking into the stable of a small cavalry trainer, at Warwick, and stealing nine or ten. But here we find them pledging themselves to have two thousand always in readiness, and fully equipped. Yet, like the King of Spain himself, they did nothing at all towards fulfilling their part of the bargain ; nor could by any possibility have done so, under the conditions of the time.

But there are other considerations still more weighty. The object of the conspirators was the exclusion from the throne of the King of Scots, and the substitution of the King of Spain, or, more probably, of his sister the Infanta. Yet, when the Crown fell vacant, what was their conduct? Monteagle and Tresham, with his brother Lewis, were among those who, before the new Sovereign was proclaimed, forcibly seized the Tower of London and held it in the name of King James ; while Tresham's father, Sir Thomas, a very conspicuous Catholic, at considerable

¹ "Fragmenta Regalia." (*Harleian Miscellany*, ii. 106.)

risk to himself, and in opposition to the local magistrates and populace, proclaimed James at Northampton.¹ A few days later, we find Garnet writing to Parsons, who of all men must have been in his secrets,² that, with the new reign, a golden time of freedom had appeared; that there is a great consent of Catholics in the King's proclaiming, all earnestly hoping that no foreign princes will strive against his peaceable possession of the kingdom.

It is thus obvious that the circumstantial evidence suggests difficulties so grave as to demand the most unimpeachable and incontrovertible testimony on the other side. When, however, we turn to examine the documentary proofs, on which the whole story rests, we cannot but be astonished at the facile manner in which it has been accepted.

Of the persons said to have been implicated in the Spanish negotiations, Father Garnet, as has been seen, consistently denied all share, so far as he was himself concerned. From Catesby, Wright, and Greenway no evidence was ever obtained; Catesby and Wright having been slain in the field, and Greenway never falling into the hands of the Government. As for Monteagle, extraordinary pains were taken to keep his name out of the documents, and no testimony of his has ever been cited.

There remain Thomas Winter, Tresham, and Faukes. Of these, so far as this particular transaction is concerned, Winter was much the most important witness, as being the agent to whom its conduct was chiefly entrusted. It is a most singular and inexplicable circumstance, that he is likewise the one from whom no evidence whatever is forthcoming. This is the more remarkable, as he undoubtedly gave an account of his Spanish expedition, for we have the following letter from Waad, the Lieutenant of the Tower, to Cecil, November 26, 1605:³ "It may please your Lordship, Thomas Winter hath set down in writing of his own hand, as he was directed, the course of his employment into Spain, which I send your Lordship herein enclosed." But of the said enclosure no trace is to be found. Moreover, that virulent controversialist, Bishop Abbot, who omits to cite nothing that tells for his purpose, refers to this

¹ Jardine, *Gunpowder Plot*, p. 17. It is the above circumstance which induces Mr. Jardine to deny the complicity of Monteagle and Tresham in the mission of Christopher Wright.

² Stonyhurst MS. *Anglia*, April 16, 1603.

³ British Museum MSS. *Add.* 6178, 86 (Copy of original at Hatfield).

document of Winter's, but quotes no word of it¹—a sufficient proof that from his point of view it was not satisfactory.

Besides this, Winter made but one declaration which can, by possibility, refer to the affair in question.² This is a brief note, of six lines, in which he refers to a message sent to him by Monteagle, Catesby, and Tresham, but does not say about what, nor make any mention of Spain. Neither, which is more important, does he mention either Greenway or Garnet. It must also be remarked, that in another confession,³ he speaks of a journey of his to Rome, in 1599. In the document which we are considering, the name of Monteagle has been partly erased, and partly concealed, by a piece of paper very carefully pasted over it.

As for Tresham, he, like Catesby and Wright, was for ever silent when the Government promulgated its account of the matter; having died in the Tower, December 23, 1605. We have, however, two documents in his name which touch our present point. The first of these is a confession, dated December 10, 1605.⁴ In this, "being demanded whether ever he was acquainted with any negotiation in Spain for bringing over forces into England; with promise that the Catholics of England should assist the King, answereth that he utterly denieth it." Being pressed, and threatened with "ill usage," he proceeds to acknowledge that Winter went to Spain with his privity, though saying nothing of the object with which he went. He also confesses, or is represented as confessing, that Garnet and Greenway "were drawn to be acquainted with Winter's employment into Spain, to give more credit unto it;" but he says no word of any knowledge on their part as to any purpose with which Winter may have been so employed, and explicitly denies that to his own knowledge Greenway accompanied him. But this is by no means all. The document has been cited by historians as though it were obviously straightforward and above suspicion. In fact, it is of such a character as to forfeit all authority, having been manifestly and unscrupulously tampered with. Much has been scored out. The name of Lord Monteagle has, again, been elaborately concealed, and the name of Greenway substituted by an interlineation. In every other case, where the name of this Father is mentioned, it has been similarly interlined, as

¹ *Antilogia*, 123 b.

² November 25, 1605. *Gunpowder Plot Book*, 117.

³ January 17, 1605-6.

⁴ *Gunpowder Plot Book*, 152.

it seems in Sir Edward Coke's own hand, while changes in the original construction of sentences, necessitated by such addition, have been made.

Tresham, as has been said, made a second declaration.¹ This was dictated when he was on the point of death, and in it he solemnly retracted what he had said concerning Garnet, as having been extorted only by threat of torture, and although further statements therein made are held to be so manifestly false as to discredit the whole, it is not too much to say that this asseveration deserves at least as much weight as the confession previously discussed. Tresham adds the significant information, that when he asked to see his said former confession, "Mr. Lieutenant told me I should not, unless I would enlarge it, which he did perceive I had no meaning to do."

It thus appears that the testimony of Winter and Tresham, far from availing to dissipate the doubts suggested by other considerations, tends rather to intensify them. There remains only Guy Faukes, and undoubtedly he is the authority chiefly quoted, as being much fuller and more explicit than the others. This is, however, a circumstance not without difficulties of its own, for it is not very easy to believe that Faukes was ever sent to Spain at all. He was a perfectly obscure man, serving as a soldier of fortune in the Archduke's army, and quite unknown to English Catholics at home. Moreover, the time when he is represented as having gone to report on the violent proceedings of James towards his co-religionists, was just that when their hopes of the King were highest, on account of the delusive promise of his early policy. How complete a stranger to them was Faukes, is shown by the fact, that when, early in the Powder proceedings, the conspirators wished to enlist the services of some military man, and for that purpose despatched to Flanders the same Thomas Winter, he had no acquaintance with Faukes, and had to seek an introduction.² However this may be, Faukes was apparently willing and able to tell much about the transactions in Spain: how Winter and Greenway were sent thither, what took place between them and the King, and that the promised army was to land at Milford Haven;³ how

¹ *Gunpowder Plot Book*, 210.

² Declaration of Thomas Winter, November 23, 1605.

³ November 25, 1605.

Christopher Wright was subsequently employed ;¹ how he himself was finally despatched by Father Baldwin, Stanley and Owen ;² and how Baldwin told him about the two thousand horses to be provided by the English Catholics.³ It will be perceived that Baldwin is made to speak of these some months after the accession of King James, when, as Mr. Jardine is obliged to allow, two at least of the original plotters had adopted a quite contrary policy.

It must further be observed, as a most extraordinary and inexplicable circumstance, these confessions being of such extreme and indeed unique importance, that whereas they are said to have been taken before the Lords Commissions, no trace of them whatever is to be found in the State Paper Office. He who searches beneath the surface of this portion of English history will speedily accustom himself to find that of documents supremely important in a certain direction, the originals are not to be discovered among our Records ; but in these instances we have not even a copy. For our knowledge of these depositions, a fact which does not seem to have occurred to historians as of any moment, we are wholly dependent on the transcripts preserved among the Tanner MSS. at Oxford,⁴ and in Bishop Abbott's *Antilogia*, a violent and thoroughly partisan work, in many respects absolutely dishonest. When we consider how much supremely important evidence of a certain kind inevitably comes only upon the same authority, it is quite impossible to treat it as deserving even as much weight as that officially transmitted by the statesmen in power. We have among the Public Records no less than eleven statements and declarations by Faukes, made at periods extending over two months, some before and some after these alleged utterances, and dealing with all manner of questions, but in none of them is there any mention or suggestion of the above matters. Neither can it escape notice, that in the versions given of what are evidently meant for the same confessions, our two copyists are altogether at variance.

There is a still more important circumstance, which would appear, though notorious, to have escaped the notice of historians. It is obvious that, if any reliance were to be placed

¹ This appears from a separate examination assigned to the same day.

² *Ibid.*

³ Tanner MSS. Nov. 30.

⁴ lxxv. 141, &c.

upon the statements attributed to Faukes, the Jesuit Baldwin was clearly guilty of high treason. This Father was afterwards proclaimed as a known accomplice of the Gunpowder conspirators, a reward being offered for his capture; and even if this charge could not have been substantiated, his dealings with Faukes should abundantly have sufficed to condemn him. But it so happens that, a few years later, Baldwin actually fell into the hands of his accusers, being arrested when passing through the Palatinate, in 1610, by the Elector Frederick VI., and handed over to the English Government, by whom he was at once thrown into the Tower.¹ As to what there occurred we have no official information, a sufficient testimony that there was none to give; but he was certainly subjected to searching examinations, it is said upon the rack.² After a confinement of almost eight years, he was set at liberty,³ a fact conclusive for his acquittal. We are informed that, upon his release, the Earl of Northampton, a nominal Catholic, congratulated him upon his honourable discharge, and upon the vindication of his own character and that of his Order; also that, remaining for some days, prior to his departure, in the house of the Spanish Ambassador, he there openly wore his religious habit, and was visited by great numbers, who came both to see so unwonted a sight, and to offer him their respects.⁴ This significant circumstance did not escape notice at the time. As a contemporary remarks,⁵ "And whereas the Protestants condemn some other Jesuits for this matter, and among them Father Baldwin, yet having him prisoner divers years, under their strictest examination, they at last dismissed him as innocent and guiltless therein, and that with honour."

The undeniable circumstances of Father Baldwin's case thus undoubtedly afford an absolute refutation of the evidence upon which the accepted history of the Spanish Treason is supposed to rest, in spite of a notable argument officially adduced as quite unanswerable. After the Gunpowder Plot, the extradition was demanded of Baldwin and another Englishman named Owen, as having been concerned therein. The authorities in

¹ Sir Ralph Winwood went to meet him at Dusseldorf. (*Dom. James I.* lvii. 46.) Under date of October 8, 1610, is a warrant to pay £120 to Sir John Burlacy and Captain Barnaby Dewhurst for conveying him thence to London. (*Warrant Book*, ii. p. 176.)

² Oliver, *Collectanea*, sub nom.; Foley, *Records*, vol. iv. 120, note.

³ The warrant for his discharge is dated June 15, 1618.

⁴ Foley, *Records*, iii. 509. ⁵ *English Protestants' Plea*, p. 59.

Flanders, before granting it, not unreasonably desired to see the evidence against them. On this subject the Earl of Salisbury wrote to Edmondes, the Ambassador at Brussels (February 12, 1605): "As for the particular depositions against Owen and Baldwin, which the Archdukes desire to have a sight of, you may let them know that it is a matter which can make but little to the purpose, considering that his Majesty already upon his royal word hath certified the Archdukes of their guilt."¹

What, however, is to be said on the redoubtable and damning fact of Father Garnet's pardon? Undoubtedly he took one out, in January, 1604, as we learn from Sir Edward Coke's speech on his trial, and from other evidence. Undoubtedly, too, as has been seen, this is quoted as unimpeachable evidence of his guilt. In reality, such an argument is not only preposterous, but ludicrous. In the first place, Father Garnet had indubitably committed many acts which, though perfectly innocent in themselves, were rendered treasonable under the penal laws. As Sir Edward Coke, in the same speech, reminded the jury, his very coming to England, as a priest ordained beyond the seas, was held for a treason. So was his remaining there, and, still more, every exercise of his priestly functions which, during eighteen years, he had since performed—every Mass he had said, and every convert he had reconciled. Garnet sanguinely anticipated a new era, when such acts would no longer be considered illegal; it was the merest prudence to preclude all possible trouble on account of what had been done while the laws were still in force.

Moreover, if we are to adopt Mr. Jardine's argument, that such a precaution implied the admission of "capital treason," we shall have to acknowledge that England was well furnished with traitors. On such occasions all sorts and conditions of men were in the habit of providing themselves with general pardons of this description, in order to start the new reign with a clear score; the offences, thus wiped away, ranging from actual crimes to such as were merely technical. Had the applying for a pardon constituted an acknowledgment of treason properly so-called, it cannot be imagined that persons in general would so readily have accused themselves. The rolls containing the names of those to whom general pardons were granted on this particular occasion, that is, in the first year of King James,²

¹ Stowe MSS. 168.

² Pardon Rolls, 1 Jac. I. Rec. Off. 698, 699.

about one hundred and twenty feet in length, contain some three thousand names, amongst which we find those of Lords of the Privy Council, and Bishops of the Establishment. It is likewise to be observed that among the offences for which such pardons availed, were *not* included treasons plotted beyond the seas,¹ the very offence which the taking out of a pardon by Father Garnet has been assumed to prove ; while, apart from this fatal objection, the pardon, extending only to the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign, could in no case have covered the business of Wright and Faukes, which took place under James.

This matter of the pardon has been mentioned by an English priest, who himself participated in the same, and who speaks thus : " At his coming in, he (King James) set Catholics and priests at liberty, gave free pardons unto all of them, both priests and others, that would sue them forth, and pay four or five nobles at the most for them, to the Lord Chancellor. In those pardons he remitted both the guilt and the danger from priesthood, and much more than any of us had transgressed in. . . . In these pardons he pardoned whatsoever could be by any rigour interpreted to be within the danger of the law, both our coming into England, and abiding, and remaining there," and so forth.

It would be difficult to find a more remarkable illustration of the potency of the anti-Catholic Tradition to warp the judgment of historians, otherwise fair-minded and capable, than is afforded in this instance, and of their practical acceptance of the principle that any stick will serve to beat a dog.

In another article, evidence on the same points will be adduced from unpublished documents.

J. G.

¹ Oldcorne's Examination, March 25, 1606, *Gunpowder Plot Book*, 214.

Seventeenth Century Primers.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PRIMERS furnished the faithful of their day with a scheme of popular devotion for lay-people which, in some of its aspects has almost, if not altogether passed away in England in the nineteenth century. They occupied a middle position between the aids to piety which was once content with a single prayer-book, and with nearly the minimum of written or of printed devotional exercises; and the spiritual helps which now well-nigh overpower an average Christian with their number and variety, with their wealth of detail, richness of indulgence, and multiplicity of object. The ancient Primers which sufficed for the wants of our ancestors in the Dowry of Mary during the ages of faith, contained certain elements which were considered essential in a book intended for popular use, and such elementary matter was supplemented by certain common forms and other prayers which were chiefly accidental and were not held to be of obligation, so to say, in the use of the volume. And of these ancient Primers, Mr. H. Littlehales has lately published a palmary example, in the case of an exceptionally perfect form of an early fifteenth century manual, under the title of *The Primer, or the Lay-Folks' Prayer Book*. Modern books of devotion, on the other hand, with one or more notable exceptions, under what name soever they be issued—and it is not needful to particularize any definite compilation—are composed of elements similar to the miscellaneous contents of the Primer, apart from its main characteristic devotion, which, of course, is the Office of our Blessed Lady.

Thus the Seventeenth Century Primer combined the principal features both of the early fifteenth century volume, and of the present nineteenth century book. For, whilst it piously included the great lay devotion to Mary, the Primer of three centuries ago did not omit to add to this cardinal feature other devotions of a kindred character, as well as those of a sort which defy classification. It completed what may be termed the canon of

the old English Primer, by adding to the Hours of the Blessed Virgin—printed as they were with luxuriant fulness for each of the three seasons recognized by the Little Office of Mary—the Offices for the Holy Dead, and the Gradual and the Penitential Psalms. And further, amongst other forms of prayer, it supplied two additional features which are unknown to the generality of modern religious manuals of prayer, though, of course, they can be found elsewhere, namely, the four-fold story of the Passion of Christ, and a rendering of the Breviary Hymns into English verse, for the course of the ecclesiastical year. The Seventeenth Century Primer, therefore, may fairly claim to be the completest form of a layman's prayer-book which has yet been compiled. It occupies this position on the ground that it contains, whether in liturgical office or private devotion, whether in psalmody, hymnody or prose, almost in equal proportions of space, the ancient and authorized order of piety together with the more accidental and miscellaneous forms of prayer, which individually and still more collectively are the product of modern times. And it is a genuine cause for regret that this thoroughly Catholic and liturgical book, be it printed in Latin and English, as were the earlier editions of these Primers, or printed in English only, with a bold type so as to make a goodly octavo tome of nearly six hundred pages, should have fallen to-day into complete desuetude. That this statement is no figure of speech may be gathered from the fact that, for considerably upwards of a century, no edition but one, and that only a local reprint, is known to have been published. Meantime, as copies of the Primer which now exist, and are accessible, chiefly in the great libraries of England, though others may be found in religious houses and in the libraries of old Catholic families, are comparatively few, it has been thought that some record of a past form of a devotional book may not be unacceptable to the readers of *THE MONTH*.¹ If the record should induce some competent person to reproduce the old book in a modern dress, such a result will be a gain to Catholic devotional literature.

The Seventeenth Century Primers divide themselves into many different classes, according to the standpoint of the

¹ The question of Seventeenth Century Primers was incidentally and briefly treated in the issue of *THE MONTH* for July, 1895, under the heading "Early English Catholic Hymnody." The topic, however, seemed deserving of further and fuller inquiry.

observer or analyst. They may be arranged in relation to their contents, or to their compilers, or again to the more material aspect of date, size, bulk, type, and place of issue. There are details also, which affect other items of comparison, for instance—the arrangement of their composite materials; the translation adopted in the text, the mode of spelling, the language of certain prayers; or whether or not the books be illustrated, or printed in one language or in two. And, once more, there is the wide question of hymnology: what Office hymns or others may be included; what versions of the originals are rendered; are the translations new, or revised only; and who may be the translators of them? These Primers agree, with but few exceptions, in one aspect—that of practical anonymity. They are generally issued without any *imprimatur*, from an uncertain place of printing, by an unknown printer—even though names be given—and without any acknowledged editor of the prose, or translator of the poetry. Well-known initials, indeed, are suffixed to the Preface of the earliest edition of these books, and the masterly hand of a poet cannot be concealed in a version of the hymns appended to the last compiled edition. But of the intermediate issues of the Primers of the seventeenth century, with one exception, we remain in absolute ignorance on the question of authorship, though a highly improbable assumption has been made in respect to a portion of the hymns of one of these last named. The number of the reprints of the various editions issued during the century in question, is certainly large, though it be impossible, from the difficulty of obtaining definite information, or of visibly verifying statements concerning their number, to venture to calculate them. It may suffice to say that a trustworthy expert has calculated them at thirty different reprints; and of these thirty the present writer either owns, or possesses references to, or has actually handled four or five-and-twenty.

The element, however, in the compilation of the various Primers under consideration, which most easily lends itself to their differentiation and arrangement in classes, is the hymnological. Taking hymns, then, as the gauge to apply to each Primer in turn as it is discovered in an old Catholic library, or as it has found its way by good luck into the hands of an appreciative collector of old prayer-books, there appear to be four clearly marked and distinct translations of all the Breviary and of certain of the Missal hymns which were employed in the

Catholic books of devotion of the period in question. These four several versions have been traced backward by the present writer, and to the extent allowed by his limited opportunity, whether in Primer, Manual, Evensong, or Vespers' Office, Mass, Holy Week Book, or lastly, the Garden of the Soul, to four corresponding years—1599, 1615, 1673, and 1706. Of these four dates, and of the Primers they may be made to typify, certain qualifications may be named, and some criticism may be anticipated. It may be repeated from a former hymnological article, that the volume of 1673 (formerly labelled 1685) was discovered anew in the spring of 1895 on the shelves of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, in reward for a search made for an earlier edition than the one supposed to be the original issue. Next, the edition of 1599—once held to be of five years later birth—is classed as a Seventeenth Century Primer, because it was probably printed so as to be first used during Advent in the opening year of that century, much in the same fashion as publishers at the present day issue new books for the season of any given year in the November or December previously, and date their volumes accordingly. Thirdly, the hymns, or the larger part of the hymns contained in the volume of 1706, were posthumously published, and were certainly translated before the beginning of the eighteenth century, at which date the great translator of many, if not of all the hymns died. Lastly, the book of 1615 will be noted below. These four editions may fitly be called the "four heads of families" of the Primer in the vernacular and of the seventeenth century. It will be convenient in the future to call the re-publication of these four editions as re-issues, or re-prints.

It may tend to clearness and exactitude to place on record in the nineteenth century, and in outline, the actual contents of the devotional book which was a household word on the lips of our Catholic ancestors for the period of nearly one hundred years. A comparison between the following Table of Contents and the more severe and earlier form of devotion supplied to the worshipper outside the Holy Mass, on the one hand, and the more sumptuous fare provided by manuals of prayer in the present day, on the other, will indicate the medium place occupied by these Primers in English devotional literature. The list may be considered to exhibit the norm of such contents. Some of the editions of the four-fold family may be enriched with more features of piety; some may fall short of

this standard ; but, probably, all will be found to contain these elements of private prayer :

A Kalendar.

Table of moveable Feasts, according to the reformed Kalendar.

Table of Feasts and Fasts.

An Introduction to the Christian Faith ; or the Sum of Christian doctrine.

The Office of our Blessed Lady : i. From the Purification to Advent ; ii. During Advent ; iii. From Advent to the Purification.

Office, or Service for the Dead.

The Gradual Psalms.

The Seven Penitential Psalms.

Prayers and Orisons to be said after the Litany, according to diversity of times.

Prayers to be said in the beginning of the congregation.

Prayers to invoke the grace of the Holy Ghost.

A Thanksgiving.

Prayers for Journeys ; or an Itinerary.

Office of the Holy Cross ; with Hymns.

Office of the Holy Ghost ; with Hymns.

A daily Exercise (including *Te lucis ante terminum*).

Prayers before and after Confession.

Prayers before and after Holy Communion.

Devout Prayers, or Meditations on the Passion.

Prayers to the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. John.

The Plaint of our Lady (*Stabat Mater*), with Prayers to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Prayers of St. Gregory, St. Thomas Aquinas, and others, under divers conditions of life.

The Creed of St. Athanasius.

The Gospel of the Passion according to Saints Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

Hymns for the whole Year ; from the Breviary.

Antiphons, Verses, and Prayers of the principal Feasts for the whole Year.

Prayers proper to Saints with their Antiphons and Versicles.

Prayers Common to Saints.

Manner how to serve the Priest at Mass.

Such being the norm, or canon, of a Seventeenth Century Primer, some of the chief individual features, or peculiarities, of the several re-prints, or the variations which exist between this table and the contents of successive re-issues, may be roughly catalogued as follows :

1. The earliest born of the heads of families (1599) contains a Preface "to the Christian Reader," by way of an apology,

written in almost a defensive tone, for introducing him to what at that date was apparently considered a new departure in devotional literature. It opens in these words :

For the more utility of such of the English nation (and others using our language) as understand not the Latin tongue, it hath been thought convenient to publish in Latin and English the *Primer*, or *Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary* ; containing nothing but matter of prayer and devotion, and therefore not offensive to any, except it be in respect of the service of God according to the ancient faith of our Christian forefathers, who have continued in former ages (even as yet the most part of Christendom yet observeth) the worthy magnifying of His most Blessed Mother.

After declaring some of the grounds for the worthy honouring of the Mother of God, the Preface continues :

The due consideration whereof, as it must needs move those Christians to the performance of like ancient devotion unto her, so our Lord vouchsafe that others thereby may be moved, not only to cease to hate them for the continuance of her praise, but also to unite themselves and to concur in the honouring of that Blessed Mother, by whose intercession they may obtain mercy of that blessed fruit of her womb, her Son and our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

The Preface concludes thus :

The Hymns in the Office of our Lady, as also those for the whole year (notwithstanding the difficulty) are so turned into English metre, as that they may be sung unto the same tunes in English that they bear in Latin. I wish that all may be to the increase of thy devotion, to the supreme honour of the most holy, glorious, and undivided Trinity, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost ; and to the laud of the Blessed Virgin and all Saints. [This is signed R(ichard) V(erstegan), and a postscript is added :] Vouchsafe, good Reader, to remember in thy prayers such as have furthered this work.

The two earlier quotations from this address to the "Christian Reader" were clearly not written for the reader who was Catholic. The like continually appears in the devotional books of this period and century. It is not without precedent that, in such works, two prefaces, or introductory addresses, are made, one to the Catholic, and another to the non-Catholic or Protestant reader. This fact, which can easily be verified, forms yet another proof of what has been incidentally urged in these papers on Catholic Hymnology, namely, that the nation, within a century, or a century and a half of its change of religion by the State power, was very far indeed

from having become the Protestant people into which it has unhappily lapsed after three, or three and a half centuries. It has been previously shown how ill-equipped devotionally the dominant religion felt itself to be in the seventeenth century. The endless number of books and the large number of editions of books, being Catholic and pious, which issued from the press, both at home and abroad, was far too many to supply the needs of those members of the Old Faith only who were avowedly Catholic, and consequently were the objects of persecution. It is almost demonstrable that Catholic printers to a great extent produced these volumes for readers who were formally Protestants. And the fact here unearthed, which deserves historical attention, is a proof corroborative that such books were provided for and used by a sensible proportion of the more religious-minded of the English people who, by Royal tyranny, by Act of Parliament, and by the rack, the gibbet, and the stake, had been defrauded of their spiritual heritage.¹

2. The first pages of the two earliest families of the Primer (1599 and 1615) are filled with the Kalendar, which displays this peculiarity. The page is divided by a perpendicular line in order to contain two distinct lists of holy days; and a note, appended to the earliest of these books, affirms that "In the ensuing Kalendar, besides the feasts of the Saints usually set down, the feasts of divers notable Saints of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, are also added." In the third family of Primers (1673) these two lists of Saints—who were typologically distinguished either by the old English, or by an italic letter in the subsidiary columns—are combined, as we are now wont to see them, into a single catalogue.

3. All the families of the Primers conclude the introductory portion of the volume with the beginning of the Gospel of St. John. The first of the heads of families completes the compilation with "the holy Gospel according to St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke," by reprinting from each Evangelist respectively, the story of the Wise Men, the apparition of the risen Lord to His eleven Apostles, and the mission by the

¹ The following extract, made from the reissue in 1631, of the Edition of 1615, supports the contention of the text: "If this work fall into the hands of any not Catholics (and therefore possessed with a prejudicate conceit of the Roman Church's idolatry) let them know, that whatsoever is here demanded of the Mother of God, or any other Saint, is asked of them, not as being able to give anything of themselves, but as being friends of God, and therefore powerful to obtain any good thing at His bountiful hands, who is the only fountain of all goodness."

Angel Gabriel—which inspired narrations may be termed the Gospel of the Epiphany, of the Resurrection, of the Annunciation, as that of the Beloved Apostle was the Gospel of the Incarnation.

4. The earlier of the heads of families, amongst the miscellaneous prayers and devotions on the Passion of Jesus, contain a beautiful orison, entitled, "Salutation to all the Parts of Christ, and recommendation of himself (the penitent) unto Him (the Lord)." This orison finds no place in the edition of 1706.

5. The later heads, after the first, are concluded with the Litanies (*sic*) of Loreto, or Loretto, whether in Latin or in English. The Litany, wholly English, in the edition of 1706, is supplemented by a prayer for the King. The quaintness of the language of this prayer, whether viewed politically or religiously, may excuse its quotation. The earthly King is commended to his Heavenly Sovereign as having "undertaken the government of this kingdom;" and a petition is made that he may "avoid enormous vices"—a petition not without appropriateness in the case of certain of His Majesty's anointed predecessors in the foregoing century. This quaintness is not diminished by the fact that the King thus impetrated for was, in reality, Queen Anne. Of course, the masculine personality may have its source in a liturgical form of words: but the term King may possibly, and in spite of the dates in the Table of Feasts, which begin in 1706, point to the period when England was governed by a masculine ruler; and hence bring the issue of the Primer in question nearer than six years to the death, in 1700, of the presumable translator of its hymns, "glorious John" Dryden.

6. The third and fourth heads of Primer families (1673 and 1706) contain several additional forms of devotion beyond those of the first and second. These additions are: (1) the Litanies of Jesus, with a hymn composed by St. Bernard; (2) a short exposition of the Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary; (3) Method of saying the Rosary (reprinted in its sixteenth and seventeenth editions respectively in the two editions;¹ and (4) Anthem and

¹ The "Method" is affixed to the reprint of the book of 1673, issued in 1699, in the form of a tractate, with a fresh title-page, and with a continuous pagination to that of the Primer. It is stated to be the sixteenth edition. In the edition of the Primer of 1706, the "Method" is not inserted as a separate tractate. Its title, however, is printed at the top of the page, and the edition is indicated as the seventeenth. These statements appear to show that only one edition of the "Rosary" was required in seven years. Such can hardly have been the case, in regard to a devotion so popular. Rather, an explanation seems to point, as suggested above, to the earlier issue of the book of 1706 than the year which is set upon its title-page. If

Prayer in honour of our Blessed Lady, to be said in time of Plague. The opening lines of the two earliest known versions of *Jesu, dulcis memoria* may not unfitly be quoted here: and they can mentally be compared with the translations with which, in the nineteenth century, we are more familiar.

Edition of 1673:

Jesus, the only thought of Thee
Fills with delight the memory;
But when thou dost Thy presence show,
Heaven seems into my breast to flow.

Edition of 1706:

Jesus, the only thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far it is to see,
And on Thy beauty feast.

The Hymn on the Plague is less well known: and a comparison of the two versions is characteristic of the manner in which the poet of 1706 did not feel himself forbidden to incorporate words, phrases, and even lines from a previous translation when the version was expressed in vigorous, sonorous, and poetic English.

Edition of 1673:

O Star of Heaven, whose virgin breast
Thy Son, our Lord, did feed;
Who oft repelled the deadly pest
Caused by first Man's misdeed.

O thou auspicious Star, restrain
The stars' contagious ill;
Whose fell aspect, with ulcers pain
Now threat mankind to kill.

Most pious Sea-star, hear our cry,
From plague thy servants free;
For thee thy Son will nought deny,
So much He honours thee.

Save us, sweet Saviour Jesus, now and aye,
For whom Thy Virgin-Mother deigns to pray.

Edition of 1706:

Heaven's brightest Star, thy influence shed
Who with thy virgin breast,
Thy Son, Heaven's sovereign Maker, fed,
That healed our nature's pest.

O thou propitious Star, restrain
The stars' contagious ill;
Whose baleful frown portends our bane
To scourge our ulcered will.

Star of the Sea, receive our vows,
From plague thy suppliants free;
Thy Son will not thy prayers refuse,
So much He honours thee.

A Virgin-Mother and a fruitful Maid
For sinners pleads; O Lord, vouchsafe
Thy aid.

7. The earlier editions of the Primer were printed in both the sacred language and the vulgar tongue: but the two later editions, viz., those of 1673 and of 1706, were printed in English only. The earlier editions also, so far as is known, were alone illustrated.

8. The Primer of 1619 (a reprint of the edition of 1615) contains, at the end of the volume, a singular notification. This notification was made known to the writer some years ago, during a common inquiry into Primer literature with Mr. W. J. Blew, and to his pen this paper is indebted for the following

this be so, the suggestion of the text that the book of 1706 was issued nearer the date of Dryden's death, 1700, than six years, receives a noteworthy and incidental confirmation.

version of the notice. It is a singular legal document on several grounds, whether one considers the circumstances of the case, the position of the several persons concerned, the illegality of the publication on this side the Channel, the charitable efforts of the exile for the faith—John Heigham—who devoted himself to the production of Catholic books abroad, or the fact that at the least two editions of the Primer previously, and three editions subsequently within fifty years, had been published at the neighbouring city of Antwerp. Probably, the truth will be found in some facts of which we are ignorant. In any case, the "Brief of Privelege" presents a curious instance of the working of international copyright law early in the seventeenth century. The document runs thus :

Albert and Isabella, Clara Eugenia, Archdukes of Austria, Dukes of Burgundy, &c., most serene Princes of the Belgians, have, by their diploma, sanctioned that no one, contrary to the will of John Heigham, should in any way imprint in England, or import, being printed abroad, into their territories Offices of the Blessed Mary, in English and Latin, or in any wise keep them for sale. He who should act otherwise shall be punished by confiscation of his books, or other grievous penalty, as is more fully set forth in letters dated at Brussels.

Signed,

I. DE BUSCHERE.

1 June, 1619.

9. A "sport" amongst Primer-plants flowered in the year 1684. Based on the earliest head of the Primer families, this re-issue broke out into many fresh forms of devotion. These may be perceived by the advertisement on the title-page of the volume :

The Primer, more ample and in a new order, containing the three Offices of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in Latin and English, and all the offices and devotions which were in former Primers. In the last edition the hymns are in a better verse, and six offices are newly added : I. Of the Holy Trinity ; II. Of the Blessed Sacrament ; III. Of the Holy Name of Jesus, with a Litany ; IV. Of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady, with a Litany ; V. Of the Angel Guardian ; VI. Of St. Joseph. And sundry sweet devotions and instructions taken out of Holy Scripture for to live a devout Christian life. Printed at Rouen, by Nicholas le Tourneau, with permission. 1684. [444 pages ; size, 5 inches by 2½.]

The address to the Pious Reader is signed "Thomas Fitz-Simon, Priest." On the title-page stands a rough and new wood-cut, representing our Lord, St. John Baptist, and the Holy Dove. The reader will not fail to observe many varia-

tions from former reprints of the Primer, in this volume. In the copy quoted from may be read in MS. these words of a some time possessor: "This Popish book I took from a gentlewoman who, I was afraid, might be seduced by the reading of it."

10. The concluding words of the last paragraph are suggestive of endless quotations from the MS. scribbling which at once defaces and enriches many copies of these old books. Here is a specimen, somewhat shortened, from the fly-leaf of a copy of the Primer of 1599:

THE PENITENT'S GOLDEN RULE.

Repent earnestly.	Obey humbly.
Believe Catholicly.	Give plainly.
Do penance faithfully.	Suffer patiently.
Meddle not worldlyly.	Pray heartily.
Live secretly.	Weep literally.
Seek comfort heavenly.	Fast devoutly.
Examine thee daily.	Deal mercifully.
Think on death only.	Hope steadfastly.
Speak but needfully.	Perform valiantly.
Read reverently.	And find life eternally.
Practise presently.	

E. D.

Some of the commands have escaped the copyist; some are guessed at; all have been modernized in spelling. One proverbial saw advises the reader to "Receive his [? Maker] dreadfully"—*i.e.*, full of holy dread; another (quoted above) is written "Hoo bay humbly."

11. The Kalendars of the Primers are utilized in MS. for family names and dates of death, and for memoranda connected with events now unknown. A copy of the reprint of the book of 1619 is much defaced with such notes and entries. It probably belonged to the Hitchcock family in the seventeenth century; and the names of old Catholic houses stand side by side with more well-known names—Browne, Moore, Law, Young, Stone, Horne, Hunt, and Lloyd—*e.g.*, Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Shrewsbury, Duchess of York, the Blounts, Dormers, and Peters, a Gifford, Hyldersly, and Prothro, a Byron and Shelly, and an Arlington and Stourton.¹

¹ Some of the MS. notes written in the pages of the Kalendars are touching. Upwards of a century and a half after a copy of the earliest of these Primers was printed (in 1599), a widowed lady thus records her loss, on May 31, in beautifully neat and plain handwriting, and with the long s of the period: "My deare husband died, 1658." The same poor widow chronicled other bereavements: "My sonne Matthew, 1642; my brother Thurston, 1643; my sonne Singleton, 1643; my sonne Nicholas, 1644; my sonne Thomas, 1646; my cos. (cousin) Tho. Hesketh, 1651"—each on its own day of the month, in order, no doubt, that the soul of each might be remembered before God at Holy Mass. Do Protestant prayer-books of the like date contain such references to the supremest of the acts of life? Perhaps.

12. The plates which illustrate the various editions of the Primers are for the most part, if not entirely, confined to the books and their reprints of 1599 and of 1615. The earlier volume contains illustrations at the beginning of each Hour in the Office which is used from the Purification to Advent. These prints are set in pairs facing each other, in the Latin and English text respectively; in the former, a repetition seven times of a sort of Catholic and informal arabesque, including cherubs' heads, emblems of the Passion, and the sacred monograms I.H.S. and M A R.; in the latter, a series of Scriptural subjects—both being drawn and graven very roughly on wood. The oval pictures represent the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Adoration of the Shepherds, the Circumcision, the Presentation, the Adoration of the Magi, the Flight into Egypt, and the Assumption, as illustrations to the different Hours of our Lady. There are also illustrations of a similar character, and with similar treatment, at the opening of the Offices for the Dead, of the Holy Cross, and of the Holy Ghost. The Daily Exercise also is illustrated. And the four Evangelists, in the attitude of literary or inspired composition, pen in hand, stand before their several versions of the sacred Passion-Story. Not unnaturally, in the year 1599, and from the press of a Catholic printer, the plates of the Primers of that date are exceedingly rough and coarse. In the book of 1615, however, the plates are greatly improved. The roughly-cut ovals with hieroglyphical emblems, indeed, still face the subject-plates; but the latter, instead of being coarse wood-cuts, reappear in the form of delicately-graved copper-plates, of a high artistic order of execution, and in the manner of Wierx. And it is singular that the copper-plates in 1615 are *replicas* idealized of precisely the same designs as those in the Primer of 1599. A "sport" in illustrations also appears in the edition of 1599 which was re-issued in 1560. In place of the metaphorical oval design and the subject engraving standing face to face, there are two oblong rectangular copper-plates of the same identical treatment, placed opposite each other, wheresoever an engraving be needed. Perhaps this may be the only book extant which has perpetrated so strange a solecism in illustrations.

13. A few miscellaneous notes of some of the editions of the Seventeenth Century Primers may not be without interest. (1) The earliest issue, 1599, is numbered by leaves, not in pages; and the Hymns, together with Prayers, Antiphons, and Versicles

for the year, are added by way of Appendix, after the Table of Contents, in sheets which run on from the body of the book, with a continuous register, though with a separate pagination. This pagination, it may be added, unlike the residue of the Primer, is made by pages and not by leaves. (2) Of course, the spelling of all the books is governed by no ascertainable law, and the rhymes of the poetry give evidence of a wide difference between the pronunciation of some words now and then, even if we take the latest edition (1706) as the guide, and if we suppose (as we may therein) that the rhymes are perfect. (3) Amongst other typical translations of common forms which are open to remark, the Lord's Prayer (in the books of 1599 and 1615) employs the neuter impersonal relative *which*: "Our Father, Which art in Heaven." Later on the *Which* becomes *Who*, in the Primers of 1673 and 1706. Of course, in the "Ave, Maria," the English in all four heads of families is "Our Lord is with thee;" but only in the last edition do we read, at the end, "*at* the hour of our death," the three earlier renderings being "*in* the hour." The translation of the second clause of the "Gloria" is worthy of note, in the books of 1599 and 1615: "Even as it was in the beginning, and now, and ever, and world without end." The book of 1706 prints the clause in the form to which we are accustomed. And a reprint of 1673 reads "now is" for "is now."¹ (4) In the Precepts of the Church, it is commanded on "Saturdays to abstain from flesh." The two earlier Primers read the Fourth Precept thus: "To confess thy sins to a priest *allowed*." Down to the year 1706 it is an ominous sign of the times, that the last of the "Works of Mercy Spiritual" concluded with the words *thy persecutors*: "To pray for the living and the dead, and thy persecutors." And, finally, the two earliest books enumerate the "five bodily senses," doubtless as an aid to confession.

14. In such an inquiry as the present, the more mechanical aspect of the four Primers demands a few words. The two earlier books are printed in the style which was doubtless the best in its day; the page is surrounded with rules, and the rubrics, titles of the prayers, and the initial letters both of the psalms and of each verse of them, are printed in red ink.

¹ In the *Primer, or Lay-Folks' Prayer Book* (1425), edited by Mr. H. Littlehales, the above translations are rendered thus: Our Father *that* art in Heaven; Hail, Mary, *the* Lord is with thee; As it was in the beginning, and now, and ever into the worlds of worlds.

The print is small but distinct, and in both books the Latin text and the English version face each other. The Primer of 1599 fills 716 pages;¹ the Primer of 1615 fills 756 pages, and both measure 5 inches by 2½. The editions of 1673 and of 1706 are in English only (though in the last named year, and perhaps in both, a Latin Edition was printed as a sister volume), and are printed in a far larger type, especially the last named, which is set up in a bold, readable letter. The issue of 1673 extends to 578 pages, of dimensions about 4½ inches by 2½; and that of 1706 to 592 pages, with a measurement of nearly 5½ by 2¾ inches.

15. The last point in the present inquiry into Comparative Primerology (if the word may be coined with leave) is the most difficult, because the least certain. It has reference to the various reprints or re-issues which have appeared of the four-fold family now under consideration. The main difficulty to be encountered is found in the paucity of the copies of the books themselves which are now extant. The curious aptitude which many books seem to possess to disappear into space, after having seen several editions and been dispersed broad-cast, is only fully realized after half a life-time of book collecting in various spheres. With four (if not five) distinct editions and numberless reprints within a century, the few scattered copies which can now be discovered is passing strange. Of the thousands of copies which must have flooded the Dowry of B. Mary in the seventeenth century, and after considerable inquiry and search, the writer has been able to hear of no more than those copies which will be named below by their dates. Doubtless, many reasons exist for this paucity of extant copies, and in the case of a devotional book a copy is used and used until it be used out, and then is condemned as unusable. And in the case of the Primer its use was gradually and at last was entirely superseded by more modern-minded books, such as the *Manual and Garden of the Soul*; and hence, in course of time, was not reproduced. Any way, at the present, or lately—for additions are always being made—the British Museum Library contained only seven copies (and but two heads of families); the Bodleian, Oxford, three copies (and only one head); Cambridge University, two reprints only; and Lambeth Palace three, with but one original edition. Of course, the libraries of

¹ A reprint of the book of 1599, issued in 1650, in a form of somewhat smaller dimensions, extends to 928 pages.

our religious houses contain copies, but, apparently, few; and two or three bibliomaniacs have rescued a few more from extinction; but more cannot be said. With such extenuations for the imperfection of the record of Seventeenth Century Primers here offered, it must suffice to indicate those which are known, or known of, to the writer: it being only further premised that the names in italic letters indicate the supposed or the actual place of issue; and the names in Roman character, the public libraries in which the copies may now be found.

I. Original Edition of 1599, printed in Latin and English at *Antwerp*, in the Lambeth Library. Reprints: 1604, *Antwerp*, British Museum, Lambeth and Bodleian; 1625; 1650 (or 1651) *Antwerp*; 1658, *Antwerp*, Cambridge University Library and Lambeth (English only); 1669, *Rouen*; perhaps, 1684; 1720. This edition, in all probability, is by Richard Verstegan.

II. Original Edition of 1615 (in Latin and English), *Mechlin*, in the British Museum. Reprints: 1616, *St. Omers* (in English only, and perhaps 1617); 1619, 1620, and 1623, *St. Omers*; 1631, *St. Omers*, Cambridge; 1632 (or 1633), British Museum; 1684, *Rouen*; 1701; 1720.

III. Original Edition of 1673, in English only, *St. Omers*, Bodleian Library. Reprints: 1685, *Antwerp*, British Museum; 1687, *London* (H. Hills), British Museum; 1699; 1720, *Rouen*.

IV. Original Edition of 1706, in English only, *London*, the hymns mainly, if not entirely, by John Dryden, Poet Laureate. Reprints: 1717; 1720; 1731 (or 1732), Lambeth (once owned by the Protestant Archbishop, Thomas Secker); 1736; 1770; 1780, Bodleian; 1783; and 1804, *Ormskirk*, "The Lady's Primer."¹

¹ In addition to the above-named reprints, there are others which are of uncertain origin, not say of questionable existence, which may be named in a note, and perhaps may some day be either verified or condemned, *e.g.*, 1617; 1619 (of which there appear to be two editions); the like may be true of 1631 and 1633; also of 1684; 1669; the late Mr. Blew possessed a MS. Primer of 1680, by Gyles Craven; about 1680 or 1690; 1700 and 1720, *Rouen*; and one between the years 1628 and 1632. It has not seemed necessary to indicate the Libraries of the Catholic Colleges, &c., which possess copies, as no exhaustive examination has been made in these quarters; but certain Primers, it is believed, may be found in the libraries of the Oratory, London; of the Benedictine Nuns, Teignmouth, which is rich in Primers; and of St. Mary's Abbey, East Bergholt; of Syon Abbey, Chudleigh; of Stonyhurst College, and of others. The writer would feel grateful for further exact information on this point, from any librarian who will favour him with details within his cognizance.

This preliminary inquiry into the history, the contents and variations, the dates and reprints of the Primer will pave the way for an examination into the hymnology of the four-fold family. Such a course may be adopted on a future occasion. Meantime, it may be premised that the version of each one of the four editions, of 1599, 1615, 1673, and 1706, is rendered by a different hand. The hymns of 1706 are now widely admitted to be by Dryden. Richard Verstegan probably translated those of 1599. No translator has yet been assigned to the version of 1673. And about a score of the hymns in the Primer of 1615 are allotted, on extremely insufficient evidence, whether direct or indirect, to William Drummond of Hawthornden. One of the incidental supports which have been adduced on behalf of this theory may be found in the Preface for the edition of the Primer of 1619, which was formerly considered the parent of the second line of Seventeenth Century Primers. The passage contains these words: "The hymns, most of which are used by the holy Church in her public offices, are a new translation, done by one most skilful in English poetry, wherein the literal sense is presented with the true strain of the verse." Since the question was first raised by the writer in 1884, against Drummond's supposed authorship, an earlier edition of the Primer of 1619 has been added to the library of the British Museum, and has been examined by students. This newly discovered Primer bears the date of 1615; and this date, anticipating by four years the ascription of praise to the unknown translator, has seriously lessened the weight of argument, in one particular, in favour of his authorship. For Drummond's first volume of poetry was not published until the following year, 1616. He had, indeed, previously written a short poem on the death of Prince Henry which had attracted some public attention; but the credit obtained for such a first effort in literature hardly justifies the description that the writer was "most skilful in English poetry." Of course, this argument stands apart from much else that can be justly urged against Drummond's authorship, as translator of these hymns. One of the most powerful reasons, which to a Catholic mind seems almost unanswerable, is to the effect that Drummond was a Scotch Protestant, and that John Heigham was an English gentleman, an exile for the true faith, living abroad. It seems incredible that Heigham, himself author, publisher, and printer—and hence presumably acquainted with men of letters—should

have allowed himself in the early days of the century, to have recourse to an almost unknown Protestant to translate for his Catholic Primer the sacred poetry of the Breviary and the Missal.

ORBY SHIPLEY.

NOTE.

Since the MS. of this article was sent to the printer, the writer has had the good fortune to make another small discovery, in addition to the one made at Oxford, in regard to Seventeenth Century Primers. It has been hardly possible to verify every reference contributed by friends; and in the case of one reference the omission to do so was singularly unlucky. This was furnished some years ago by Mr. E. Hoskins, who is engaged in cataloguing all known extant editions of English Primers; but, it was given without intimation of special value, and no definite examination followed. Indeed, the reference pointed to an edition of the year next succeeding that of another edition already collated, and thus was carelessly ignored. The reference, however, indicated a Primer which bore the date of 1616, and was preserved in the library of the Incorporated Law Society of London. By a happy accident an opportunity was lately afforded for an inspection of the volume, and this was not neglected. Upon examination, the book declared itself to be a reprint, speaking generally, of the Primer of the previous year. But, it contained, what that Primer did not contain, the Brief of Privilege described above; and the Brief was dated seven years earlier than in the volume of 1619 whence it is quoted. It is not unworthy of note that the Brief of 1619 refers to another legal instrument to a like effect, "set forth in letters dated at Brussels." Such legal instrument may have been of the same date, but could not be of later date than its copy. And its copy in the Primer now under discussion is dated 1612. This date suggests an edition of the Primer of a like date, still to be found. But, in any case, these four years are all-important features in estimating the alleged claims of the Drummond authorship of the translated hymns of the Primer of 1616. In the year 1612, Prince Henry was alive, and consequently Drummond had sung no dirge. The Lament, however, was the earliest of the poet's efforts, and was published subsequently; and it is to this poem that the advocates of his claim have, in the last resort, been forced to appeal, in order to apply to him the words, "one most skilful in English poetry." The claim on behalf of Drummond, which was never self-asserted, may now, therefore, be fairly considered as disproved. It is a pleasure to add that the expert in English hymns who warmly defended Drummond's authorship in the pages of the *Dictionary of Hymnology*, published by Mr. Murray, accepts this discovery as final. When the evidence of it was submitted to Mr. W. T. Brooke, he fully admitted its sufficiency, and frankly withdrew his advocacy of the

theory. Of course, however, a disproof of one authorship is only a negative step towards the discovery of another. Indeed, no other name has yet been even tentatively proposed, though in a former article many possible and some probably writers of verse are suggested. It is only further needful to say, that the date 1616, in the place of 1612, has been allowed to remain unaltered in the foregoing pages, as the difficulty of adapting the context would, in some places, have been great. But no injustice has been done by inaction. Until an earlier edition can be found more nearly to match the date of the Brief, 1612, the copy in the Incorporated Law Society's library must be considered to be a representative of the second Original Edition of the Primers of the Seventeenth Century.

O. S.

North Country Rambles.

I.—BIRDS OF THE RIVERSIDE.

HE who is given to wander up and down a country-side, as I have been doing, man and boy, for more years than I care to reckon, has constant opportunities to learn something of the way things go on in Nature, such as he will not find in books, however good the books may be, and what is more, he will soon make up his mind that, however often he may take his rambles, there will always be something to remark, the exact like of which he has not met before, and that things do not go on in the fields and woods and moors in the sort of fashion that we can describe once for all and have done with it.

No tract in a country district is more attractive than the river banks, if it be fortunate enough to have a river, as has that which I love to tramp, and amongst the creatures there to be met none is more interesting than the dipper (or water-ousel), if the river be lucky enough to suit its tastes, which will only be the case if the stream be rapid and rocky, for the bird scorns sluggish waters and oozy beds.

The dipper when seen at a distance is apt to give a wrong idea of his colour, for the upper parts look as if they were quite black: they are in reality of a dark brown. The pure white breast offers a striking feature by which to recognize him, and so does his habit of standing curtsying and bobbing, especially as one approaches him. He is the only bird that can walk under water, which is the more singular as he looks as if he were a land bird, being a sort of cousin of the thrushes, with no webs to his feet. He has also some characteristics that remind us of the common brown wren, such as his habit of jerking his tail up, and still more the style in which he builds his nest. It is of this that I have most to say. It is a very large structure, much resembling in size and shape the crown of a "billycock" hat, with a hole near the bottom, the material of the exterior being moss, while the lining is of leaves. The nest is usually placed in very

secluded spots, under roots which protrude from overhanging banks, on rocks, sometimes on a projecting stone under the arch of a bridge, or in the hole from which a stone has dropped out, frequently on trees overhanging the stream. The eggs, four to six in number, are of a pure white, and shaped like a pear. The young birds, even before they are fully fledged, can, if put to it, swim and dive with great expertness, though never having had any instruction in the art, nor even having seen it practised by their elders.

In connection with the young I once observed a curious incident. The food of the dipper, in quest of which it is that he walks at the bottom of the water, consists of caddis larvae, fresh-water shrimps, and small aquatic insects. He is not a fish-eater; but on the occasion to which I refer the parent birds carried minnows to feed their young, which always rejected them, and they fell and lay in a heap beneath the nest, in various stages of decomposition, showing that the operation had been going on for some time. Was this a failure of instinct? Instinct does fail sometimes, wonderful as are the things it can accomplish. Another thing about the mental powers of animals which impresses itself upon one who watches them much is this; however "cute" they may be, man can always contrive to outwit them by going one better.

For years it has been my ambition to find the earliest dipper's nest. In 1858, a remarkably early spring, I discovered one on the 8th of March, with five eggs in it. Since then I have never succeeded in getting one within three days of that date, till the present year, 1896, when on March 2nd I found a nest with one egg, but this unfortunately came to grief, as the river rose and carried away one side of the structure.

This hardy bird is resident with us all the year round, and takes no harm from his inveterate habit of cold-water bathing even in the depth of our severest winters.

Another bird, thoroughly aquatic, though looking as though it should belong entirely to the land, and though its habits are as unlike those of the dipper as possible, is the kingfisher. We generally see him perched on a branch which overhangs a stream, intently watching for his prey—minnows and such small fry—which he secures by diving straight at them, seldom missing his aim. His plumage is brilliant, and indeed gorgeous, and his rapid and steady flight displays his finery in a manner sure to attract the attention of the angler or any other

who intrudes upon his haunts. Unfortunately these same qualities contribute to work his destruction—for while his beauty makes human beings anxious to deck themselves with his spoils, his manner of flying makes him easy to catch. He has a habit of following the course of a stream large or small, as he travels, and a net spread across a brook in winter-time quickly secures him for a lady's bonnet, or perhaps for a glass case in a museum, where he looks as unlike as possible what he was in life, for the glory of such feathers as his soon grows dim, and then people wonder if this is the bird of which they have heard so much.

The kingfisher's nest is very curious and interesting. It is constructed in a nearly perpendicular bank, into which the bird drives a tunnel, *vertically* oval in shape, or higher than it is wide. The sand-martin, on the other hand, another burrowing bird, makes its tunnel *horizontally* oval, or wider than it is high. Another difference may be noticed between these feathered navvies. The kingfisher, having a pretty long and strong beak, uses it only as a pick to loosen the soil, which is then shovelled out; while the sand-martin, whose beak is very short, but tolerably wide, pulls out the opposing sand (it always works in sandy soil) in mouthfuls.

The entrance to the kingfisher's nest is placed about a foot below the top of the bank in which it is, being often secreted in a secluded corner where the overhanging of the bank helps to screen it. The passage runs in on a level for about three feet, with an enlargement at the far end, in which a cushion of small fish-bones forms all there is of a nest, properly so called, whereon to deposit the eggs, which are round and extremely glossy. The way in which the fish-bones get there is this. Birds which prey on creatures which have indigestible appendages, and swallow these creatures whole, have the power of casting up these useless matters, after all that is of service has been assimilated. Thus hawks and owls cast up, in pellets, the fur and feathers of the mice and birds they have eaten, and the cuckoo, the hairs of caterpillars. The kingfisher, similarly, gets rid of the bones of the minnows and loaches it has devoured, and it is these fish-bone pellets which, being soon broken up by the weight of the bird, furnish it with a nest. Young kingfishers, after leaving their nursery, generally hang about together for several days.

The poor bird is persecuted for its eggs as well as for its

feathers, since collectors are numerous, and many, who could not find a nest for themselves, are quite content to buy eggs from professional hunters who know exactly what to do. Here again the habits of the bird turn against it. The hole it has made is easily recognized, and as the length of the passage is always much the same, all that is necessary is to dig down to the depth of a foot at the proper spot, and there you are.

If you really want an egg or two, which can well be spared, as six to eight are laid, and do not wish the nest to be deserted, there is a more artistic plan, but then you must know how to work it. You arrive at the mouth of the hole, while the hen bird is sitting on the eggs within. The first operation is to block up her exit with a clod of earth; not seeing daylight at the end of her tunnel she will stop where she is. Then, starting about a yard off, make a tunnel of your own, calculating the right angle so as to hit off the nest. Work this tunnel gently and quietly with your arm till you make your way into her chamber, taking care not to throw any earth into it. Get hold of her, and bring her out; taking care to have her held securely, for on no account must she be suffered to fly away. Bring out what eggs you require, still by your own opening, and then carefully make it up again. When this has been done, open the other, take the bird, and letting no one stand near to frighten her, introduce her at her own door. Of course she will try to bolt, but you must keep your hands over, and prevent her, and so remain till you can see that she has been down to the bottom and found her eggs there. Then you may go off with a clear conscience; she will not desert. I remember, however, a strange thing happening in such circumstances. The eggs proved to be very hard set, in fact, on the point of hatching. But, as I afterwards found, she turned them all out, and then laid a fresh clutch, which she successfully hatched. But she did not desert.

As a companion to this strange conduct of hers, I may relate an anecdote of our other friend, the dipper, in a somewhat similar case. There was a nest built on the central pier of a bridge, and the eggs were on the point of being hatched. A man, from some distance off, was coming over on purpose to rob it; eggs in such a condition would be of no use to him, and there would be the loss of a brood. What was to be done? Knowing that, when birds can hear the young inside the shell, they will stand a good deal, I tried a bold experiment. Getting to the spot a

little before the collector, I waded out, took the nest bodily down, and, carrying it ashore, kept it out of sight till the danger was past, and the marauder had gone off disappointed. Then I put it up again, and the birds did not desert; the young dippers were safely hatched and went forth to recruit the ranks of their species.

It is often an interesting experiment to interchange the eggs of different birds. If they are alike in size, the difference of colour will not be remarked, nor will that of plumage when the young come out, while, if the kinds practised upon be of similar habits, the food supplied by the foster-parent will agree with them perfectly. Sometimes, however, things will not go so well. I have been told of a case where the blue egg of a starling was introduced amongst the white ones of a dipper. Of course this made no difference, and for about a day after the hatching, the old birds went on as usual. But when the young starling begun to "skrike," as we say in the north, after the manner of its kind, the parents were frightened out of their wits and, turning their backs on the whole concern, left the entire brood to perish.

I could tell many stories of instances where things have gone smoothly, and strange nest-fellows have dwelt together in harmony, but this would lead me away from the riverside to which at present I wish to limit myself.

THALMA.

Protestant Fiction.

POISONING THE WELLS.

THIS operation has gone steadily on all through the century, and is still vigorously pursued. *The History of the Fairchild Family* first appeared in 1818, and numerous generations of Englishmen and Englishwomen have been brought up upon it. When Henry Fairchild came across the words "Roman Catholic" in the course of his reading, he shut his book and said :

"Mamma, I don't know what Roman Catholics are. Are Roman Catholics Christians?"

"The Roman Catholics, my dear, are called Christians," said Mrs. Fairchild; "but there is much in their religion which we do not approve. The Roman Catholics have a Bishop—the Bishop of Rome—(whom they call the Pope, and also the Vicar of Christ; that is, standing in the place of Christ, and almost as great as Christ); and they say that they must do everything that this Pope bids them."

In this strain the good lady continues at some length, after which Henry resumes his reading, to be once more brought to a standstill by the Waldenses.

"What are Waldenses, mamma?" said Henry.

"Why, my dear," answered Mrs. Fairchild, "many hundred years ago, when all the nations of Europe began to corrupt themselves by worshipping images and Saints, obeying the Pope, and following the Roman Catholic doctrines, a certain set of persons retired from the sight of the rest of mankind, and hid themselves in valleys amongst hills; there they led innocent and holy lives for many ages, serving their God in purity, and resisting all the wicked desires of the Roman Catholics, who wished to turn them to their own corrupt religion. These people were called Waldenses."

Somewhat later, in her *Stories Explanatory of the Church Catechism*, we have an intelligent native of India who had been instructed by a priest, who

was as full of wild tales about his saints as ever any old man in the woods could be about his gods. I have turned the Bible over and over to find one of those stories which he used to tell me about the Virgin Mary, and Saint Andrew, and Saint James, and fifty more—but I never could meet with anything of the sort in that holy Book.

Sergeant Brown said he

never rightly understood what those Romans are. They talk of Christ, and of the Virgin Mary, and call themselves Christians; but old Sergeant Cooper used to say that the Roman religion was no more like the true Christian religion than a rotten egg is like a fresh one.

A worthy successor to Mrs. Sherwood was found in Miss Bevan, the author of *The Peep of Day*—a work which had and continues to have an immense circulation—and of *Near Home, or the Countries of Europe described*, from which I quoted in my third chapter. *Near Home* is now the property of Messrs. Longmans, the publishers of Cardinal Newman's works and the Stonyhurst Manuals: it was acquired by them from Messrs. Hatchards, at one time prominent Protestant publishers. Before the book was transferred, a "fourth new edition, carefully revised," was issued, with a preface dated 1888; in this, the ninety-seventh thousand, certain modifications were made, and of these an example will be instructive, as showing how far Protestants have advanced in the course of twenty-one years in the understanding of the Catholic position. I place in parallel columns a paragraph from the sixty-eighth thousand (1873), and the same from the edition bearing Messrs. Longmans' imprint (1894).

1873.

There is a man in Italy called the Pope. That word Pope means papa or father. The Roman Catholics say that he is the father of all Christians. They say that he can do no wrong and that he can pardon sins. They worship him as if he were God, yet he is only a man. When one Pope dies another priest is made Pope. Once a year people meet together to kiss his great toe. Do you laugh? It would be better to cry. How much God must be displeased

1894.

There is a priest in Italy called the Pope. That word Pope means papa or father. The Roman Catholics say that he is the father of all Christians. They say that he can do no wrong, and that he can pardon sins. Yet he is only a man, and we know that God alone can pardon sins. When one Pope dies, another priest is made Pope. Once a year people meet together to kiss his great toe. Do you laugh? It would be better to cry. How much God must be

to see a man worshipped! The Roman Catholics are called Papists, because they worship the Pope. Are you a Papist? No, I hope you are a Protestant. What is a Protestant? He is a person who does not believe that the Pope can forgive sins. Do *you* believe that the Pope can forgive sins? The Pope is only a man. How can a man forgive sins? None but God can forgive sins.

displeased! The Roman Catholics are called Papists, because they believe in the Pope. Are you a Papist? No; I hope you are a Protestant. What is a Protestant? He is a person who does not believe that the Pope can forgive sins. Do *you* believe that the Pope can forgive sins? The Pope is only a man. How can a *man* forgive sins? None but God can forgive sins.

A comparison of these versions will show that the Pope has been promoted from an ordinary "man" to a "priest"—even Mrs. Sherwood, seventy years ago, allowed him episcopal dignity—and that Catholics are no longer said to "worship him as if he were God." But they still, with Messrs. Longmans' approval, "say that he can do no wrong," and "meet together once a year to kiss his great toe;" the primitive definition of a Protestant yet holds its own; and, with all their vaunted Bible knowledge, it apparently has not yet occurred to Protestants that the question, "How can a man forgive sins?" is but an echo of one addressed to the great Head of the Church more than eighteen hundred years ago!

If space would allow, I should like to give other examples from this inane work, which, strange it may seem, sometimes finds a place even in Catholic homes! I have obtained two copies from this source, and only the other day I picked up on a bookstall a copy which had evidently been adapted to Catholic use by the singularly futile expedient of pasting pieces of paper over the objectionable passages.

A more recent historical work is *Old England's Story*, by "Brenda" (Mrs. Castle Smith), published by Hatchards in 1884, which has a large circulation in private elementary schools. It is well printed, and some degrees less silly than *Near Home*, but the following extracts will show that it is no whit less mischievous.

Here is a description of a convent:

The King [Edward the Confessor] gave all his [Earl Godwin's] lands and houses and riches to his Norman friends; and because his wife, Queen Edith, was the Earl's daughter, Edward took away her money and jewels, and sent her to live in a nunnery. What is a

nunnery? A house where nuns live. Nuns are religious women who live altogether in a large house—there are, generally, high walls round it like a prison—and they are not allowed to come out when they are once in. It was a very cruel punishment to send poor Queen Edith into one of these gloomy nunneries.

This is an account of the differences between Henry II. and St. Thomas of Canterbury, as adapted by "Brenda" to the youthful mind :

Henry next tried to do something with the clergy of England, to put them down and take away some of their power. He found that the English clergy had been given too much liberty to do what they liked, that they interfered in everything, even with the King. And Henry made up his mind to make the clergy behave differently, and not to interfere so much.

Becket is introduced as the King's favourite, and we next read :

Now you will be surprised to hear that Thomas à Becket was really all the while a *clergyman*, though he was Chancellor, and lived in such an extravagant way. When the King made up his mind to put down the interfering clergy, he began to look about for some clever man to help him. And Henry thought there was no one who would help him so well as his favourite Chancellor, Thomas à Becket. So he made Thomas à Becket Archbishop of Canterbury, chief over all the clergy, never doubting that Becket would help him in making the clergy behave better. But Henry found he had made a great mistake. For as soon as Thomas à Becket was Archbishop of Canterbury, he went right over to the side of the clergy, and took their part in everything. The King was very much astonished and very angry.

Here is a succinct account of the Reformation, with which I will conclude my extracts from *Old England's Story*.

In this reign [Henry VIII.'s] there came what is called the *Reformation* in England. I will try and explain a little to you about the Reformation. You know that England in these times was Roman Catholic ; the people believed that the Pope of Rome (the head Bishop of the Church) could do nothing wrong, and anything the Pope told them to do the people did. Now at this time Pope Leo X. allowed something to be done that was very wrong indeed. He allowed little pieces of paper to be sold, called *Indulgences*, and whoever bought these little pieces of paper, the Pope said, might sin, and God would not punish them. The Pope said they might steal, or murder, or fight, or do anything else wicked, and yet they would not be punished if they bought these Indulgences. The English people, as well as the French and other people in Europe, were foolish enough to believe

the Pope, and a great deal of money was paid for these foolish bits of paper. At last a German monk, named Martin Luther, rose up and tried to show the people how false and wicked it was to buy these papers, and Martin Luther got a great many people to see that it was wicked, and these people no longer obeyed the Pope or believed in him. Martin Luther tried to reform the Church of Rome; that is, he tried to make it better, and to do away with all that was false in it, and that was why Martin Luther was called the Reformer, and the work he did was called the Reformation. Henry VIII. went against Martin Luther at first, and sided with the Pope; but when the Pope offended him, at last Henry VIII. went over to Luther's side, and took the part of the Reformers. Henry VIII. then did a great many cruel things. Though he had quarrelled with the Pope, Henry VIII. was still a Roman Catholic, and he put to death every one who did not think as he did.

It would be easy to multiply references to books of this kind. There is *Old England: Sketches of English History*, by E. A. W.,¹ from which we learn that "The Liturgy, or Church Service, used in the early British Church, was said to have been compiled by the Apostle St. John. Certain it is it did not come from Rome," and that "The epithet 'Bloody' belongs more truly to the system of religion, of which [Queen Mary] was merely the tool. Never should we forget that it was Popery which made her reign terrible, and made her go down to the grave abhorred by the people of England." There is *Annals of Christian Martyrdom*,² one of the books provided at Government expense for the men of the Royal Navy—my copy has the Government mark and is lettered "Ship Store, Royal Navy"—wherein we are told of "a most devoted and pious man, Nestorius, the Patriarch of Constantinople," who was "hunted from place to place, till death ended his sufferings, because he would not admit that the Virgin Mary was entitled to the epithet 'Mother of God,' although he fully believed in the Divinity of Christ." The same Society publishes *Historical Tales for Young Protestants*, one of which tells us how Guy Faukes "received Mass at the hands of the priest." And so I might continue, but my readers will have had enough.

PROTESTANT TRADITION.

I must add that peculiarly irritating form of Protestant fiction, which takes the form of an assumption of superior knowledge as to what Catholics believe. I suppose every

¹ London: William Hunt, 1892.

² Religious Tract Society.

convert suffers from this. "Do you mean to say that you really believe the Pope is infallible?" "Certainly." "It's absurd for you to say that, for you know perfectly well that you do nothing of the kind." This item is from my own experience; another was—"It must be very consoling for you to believe that all your relations will go to hell." "But I *don't* believe anything of the kind." "Now what's the good of denying it? you know you *do*." Later on I have constantly found that the simple explanation of some point of Catholic faith or practice is met with: "But that is not what Catholics *generally* believe!" "Yes, it is." "Well, I always understood quite differently." "Do you know many Catholics?" "No, I don't know any, but I always understood," &c.

Certain words and acts suggest notions to a Protestant mind which a Catholic would never dream of. At one of the Catholic Conferences, a lady created much amusement by repeating the remark of a Protestant friend whom she had taken to church—"You said Catholics didn't pay for absolution, but now I have heard it with my own ears." "Heard it?" "Yes, and the people were so used to it that there was no need to tell them the price." "What *do* you mean?" "Why, the priest said that an indulgence could be obtained *on the usual conditions*!" I was able to cap this by narrating how an acquaintance said to me one St. Patrick's day, "Well, I've a great admiration for Cardinal Manning, but I can't see how he can be so foolish." "So foolish as *what*?" "Why, I see from the papers that he has granted forty days Indulgence to all who abstain from drink on St. Patrick's day and two other days. Now what *is* the good of keeping sober for three days, if they may indulge for forty days after?" I once took a Protestant friend into a church. When we came out, he said, "I thought you said Catholics didn't worship images." "Well, of course they don't." "Don't they! Then what was that woman kneeling before that big crucifix for?" "Now, do you really suppose *I* worship images?" "No, of course not, because you've been brought up a Protestant and know how wrong it is; but regular Catholics do!"

The belief that Catholics pay for absolution still prevails among the working classes. I was preparing two young working-men for instruction by the priest, some few years back, and incidentally mentioned this as an example of the false charges made against Catholics. They looked at each other,

and then one said: "Jim, didn't you *always* understand as people paid when they went to confession?" "Yes," replied Jim, promptly; "'arf-a-crown." It is a gratifying evidence of the spread of truth, that this article of the Protestant creed is disappearing; I fancy it may soon be regarded as a Catholic figment, for Mr. C. H. Collette, in his Protestant Alliance pamphlet, *Is it Honest?* says: "I deny that any such assertion is made by Protestants, and demand proofs." This demand can easily be gratified: here is an extract from the book recommended by the editor of *Life and Light*.¹ A young Catholic girl says:

"Genie and I can do all these things that we like, and then go to confession and get our minds settled up, and take communion as pure as new-born babies. I *have* thought it rather hard on Bridget, and that kind of folk, who have little money and so much to pay that they can hardly buy a pair of shoes; but the *money* makes no difference to us, for mother's purse is always full."

Prejudice and ignorance, as Cardinal Newman has pointed out in a masterly manner in his *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England*, are the main supports of the Protestant tradition. Both are difficult to overcome, yet both have to some extent been vanquished among the more educated classes of the community. It is well known that habits of mind and practice, like the fashions, descend from the higher to the lower grades of society; and the Protestant tradition singularly exemplifies this. Nothing is more striking than the want of ordinary literary capability in the aggressive portion of the Protestant press, unless it be the absence of influential names from the list of writers. Take the Protestant works which have been commented upon here, the monthly and weekly Protestant papers, or even the reports of the Protestant societies—everywhere one is struck with the same curious construction of sentences, the same confusion of ideas. Among the Protestant lecturers, the men of any weight or influence may be numbered on the fingers of one hand; while some are of by no means doubtful antecedents. Experience has not taught our antagonists to be careful: the disappearance of one, the imprisonment of another, the exposure of a third, fail to impress upon them the necessity of caution. They still plant in their gardens, as flowers of great price, the weeds which the Pope has flung over his garden-wall. The Rev. Oswald Keatinge, Dr. Hammond, Brother Alphonse, and

¹ *Almost a Nun*, p. 78.

other "lewd fellows of the baser sort," have appeared and disappeared with phenomenal rapidity—they have gone up like rockets, and come down like the sticks. Two years ago Miss Ellen Golding was a power on the Protestant platform: what has become of her? The Rev. F. G. Widdows—I quote the *Evening News* of March 9—having been "arrested on a serious charge, and sentenced at the Old Bailey to ten years' penal servitude,"¹ is once more, "at the earnest request of the congregation of the Church of Martin Luther, Hackney," resuming his ministry there: "at present his lectures will be, 'My Ten Years' Penal Servitude,' and each Sunday he will preach!"

At times one is inclined to despair. One story after another is exposed, yet "Amurath to Amurath succeeds." But it cannot always be thus. The Anglican movement has at any rate done much to familiarize Englishmen with Catholic beliefs and practices; and among the Church of England clergy the supporters of the more intense forms of Protestantism are neither numerous nor influential. I shall be reminded that the Dean of Canterbury is among them, and I may be asked whether I include him among those who are ignorant of Catholicism? I answer, Yes; and that I do so because it is the only ground on which his attitude towards the Church can be charitably accounted for.²

Forty-five years have passed since Cardinal Newman published the Lectures to which I have already referred; and the ignorance which he therein describes has in some quarters been dispelled, although in others it remains. Whether it is culpable, we are not called upon to judge; but we are all bound to do our best to enlighten it. For it may still be said of some of our countrymen that "in this inquisitive age, when the Alps are crested, and seas fathomed, and minds ransacked and sands sifted, and rocks cracked into specimens, and beasts caught and catalogued, as little is known by Englishmen of the religious sentiments, the religious usages, the religious motives, the religious ideas of two hundred millions of Christians poured to and fro among them and around them, as if, I will not say they were Tartars or Patagonians, but as if they inhabited the moon. Verily, were the Catholic Church in the moon, England would gaze on her with more patience, and delineate her with more accuracy than England does now."

¹ The *Times* for 1880—March 28, April 28, 30, May 1, 2—may be consulted by the curious.

² See *Dean Farrar and the Catholic Church*. Catholic Truth Society. Price 6d.

THE RESULT.

We have seen how, from the very beginning of the century which is now closing, there has been a constant stream of misrepresentation directed against the Church. Vast sums of money have been spent in printing, and in paying lecturers and agents of numerous societies, all having the one end in view—that of preventing the spread of Popery and of promoting Protestantism. New societies are formed; old and moribund organizations are stimulated by the addition of new attractions—thus the Church Association has added to itself the National Protestant League; it has incorporated the Church of England Working Men's Protestant Union, and has succeeded in once more attracting attention by the establishment of "Protestant vans." What has been the result of all this energy?

In 1827 two events occurred which have some bearing on this question. Mr. Keble published his *Christian Year*, and so, according to Cardinal Newman, inaugurated the Oxford movement; and "the Protestant Reformation Society and Christian Mission to the Roman Catholics in Great Britain" was established. What the Oxford movement has come to we know: there is hardly a Roman doctrine or practice which does not at the present time find supporters in the Church of England. How the Protestant Reformation Society has fared, its own journal—no longer issued monthly, but quarterly, and that in a reduced form—shall tell us.

At the commencement of this year [1895] the funds of the Protestant Reformation Society were at a very low ebb. . . . The Society's trained Missionaries stationed at Bristol, Bournemouth, Edinburgh, Brighton, and Wimbledon, have had to be discharged, and these Mission Stations temporarily closed. The Committee were very reluctant to discharge these good men, who were carrying on an important work in their different stations, but finding that there were not sufficient funds wherewith to pay their stipends the Committee had no alternative.¹

I hope it is not uncharitable to think it possible that "these good men" discharged themselves when their pay was no longer forthcoming.² It cannot be said that there is no necessity for

¹ *Protestant Churchman*, July, 1894.

² A very large proportion of the income of Protestant Societies is spent in salaries. In 1894, the Protestant Reformation Society spent £2,012 5s. 6d. out of £2,715 3s. 3d. on this item alone. In the same year, out of an income of £8,748 5s. 3d., of which £1,500 was borrowed from the bankers, the Church Association spent no less than

Protestant work in the abandoned missions, for

in a suburb of Bournemouth, no fewer than fifty heads of families have within the last few years joined the Church of Rome. At Wimbledon, Rome is gaining great power by means of her schools, which are attended by many children of Protestant parents.

If this happened when the vigilant missionaries were present, what will occur now that they are withdrawn? There is something piteous in the appeal for this, "the oldest distinctively Protestant Society in this country, which has so nobly upheld the banner of God's truth for the last sixty-eight years"—and with so little result!

To do them justice, the Protestant societies are not slow to confess their failure, and to admit the spread of Catholicism. Occasionally, when some Catholic writes about "the leakage," there is an attempt to show that we are not making way; but they see for the most part that this is another aspect of the question, and paragraphs like the following are frequent in Protestant papers:

In 1780 it is estimated that there were 190 Roman Catholic Chapels, public and private, in England and Wales; in 1829 there were 397; in 1896, including stations, they have increased to 1,446. There are, in addition, 354 chapels of communities. In 1780 there were 359 priests, of whom 110 were Jesuits; it is believed there were 477 in 1829, but from the official list, first published in 1839, it is known there were then 536. In 1896 the number, including 17 Bishops, is 2,645. The increase will be noted.

It is to be remembered that in 1780 there were 8 peers, 19 baronets, and about 150 landed gentlemen in the English Roman Catholic Body, each of whom, it is probable, kept a domestic chaplain, and in some cases, perhaps, two. Nearly 200 priests may have been so employed, and the rest in towns and country missions.¹

£4,022 17s. 1d. in salaries. The Scripture Readers' Society for Ireland in the same year spent in salaries £3,294 os. 9d., of which only £2,343 8s. 2d. came from donations and subscriptions, the remainder being made up by legacies, &c. The Protestant Alliance pays its Secretary £400, and clerks £299. There are also certain private ventures, such as the Protestant Truth Society, which, says its sole officer and inventor, Mr. John Kensit, was "formed really to help me in the circulation of literature I have published." Of this body, for which "subscriptions, either large or small, are earnestly solicited," *Truth* writes (Jan. 11, 1894): "I gather that the 'Protestant Truth Society' is J. Kensit, *plus* any noodles who will send him money for the objects of the Society: that the executive is Kensit; and that the objects of the Society are to purchase and distribute the publications of Kensit. If sectarian bigotry induces Protestants to pay money to Kensit on such terms, they deserve to lose it. This, however, is by no means saying that Kensit deserves to get it."

¹ *Monthly Paper of Protestant Alliance*, January, 1896.

I have already cited one text of Scripture which seems to have escaped the notice of the writers of Protestant fiction ; I will conclude with another—the words of one Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, to those who thought by violence to stop the advance of the early Christian Church : “Refrain from these men, and let them alone ; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought. But if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it ; lest perhaps you be found even to fight against God.”¹

JAMES BRITTEN.

¹ Acts v. 38, 39.

The Modern Goth.

BY AN ANCIENT ROMAN.

[COMMUNICATED.]

WITH the ancient architectural Goths we have no quarrel.

All English architects, church builders, and church furnishers were in the main Goths during the centuries which preceded the revolution in religion which is commonly known as the Reformation.

Gothic architecture was indigenous on English soil.

There existed, indeed, some specimens of an earlier architecture in the Norman style, and also some few remains of the still more early Saxon architecture.

Some ancient churches were built entirely in these styles, but in many more the earlier Norman or Saxon work had been incorporated, and deftly, with the later Gothic, which had been superimposed upon it.

Short of these exceptions, Gothic architecture reigned supreme in England. Speaking roughly, it was as universal as was the Catholic faith in England.

With these ancient architectural Goths we have no quarrel any more than we have quarrel with local rites or customs or ritual usages which obtained in the days of our Catholic forefathers, which were not ecclesiastically condemned, and which did not run counter to any prescriptions of the Mother and Mistress of all Churches of the world.

It is with the modern Goths that we have quarrel.

The modern Goth is neither the lineal nor the legitimate descendant of the ancient Goth. The modern Goths are the progeny of Pugin. Pugin was at heart a Protestant in architecture. He was in the sphere of architecture of that type of nineteenth-century Protestant which, in the sphere of ceremonial, goes by the name of Ritualist. Pugin was an admirer and an imitator of much in the pre-Reformation architecture, but he

was more antiquarian than Catholic in his spirit, and more archaic than practical in his work. Pugin was narrow in his ecclesiastical sympathies, and his narrowness was fossilized in his architectural reproductions from ancient models.

Puginism resulted in a swarm of imitators to whom the man whom they claimed as father would have given the name of bastards.

Those men had not Pugin's genius, and any likeness of feature between him and them is by way of caricature.

It is with these modern Goths, and in their generations to the present day, that we have quarrel.

The tendency of the modern Goth betrays itself not seldom in his designs for a village church. He will reproduce in miniature a cathedral of the middle ages, or provide a reduced copy of some minster or monastic church, or at least of some great parish church in a large town. In place of the simplicity which befits a village church, we have pretentiousness of design, and a building which is not up to the level of its pretence.

Adaptability for saying Mass seems to be about the last idea which is present to the mind of the modern Goth when he is designing an altar. The dimensions of his altar are determined not by the requirements and convenience of the priest in his sacrificial function, but by the appearance which the altar will present when looked at from the end of the church. Hence we find altars as narrow as knife-boards, and sprawling in their length almost from side to side of the sanctuary. They are often either too high for a short man, or too low for a tall man. Their dimensions have been determined from the point of view not of the Sacrifice of the Mass, but of the reredos, a structure in which the soul of the modern Goth takes special delight. We have not one word to say against a reredos, but we do maintain that it should be kept subordinate to the prescribed *ornaments* of the altar. These ornaments are the crucifix and candlesticks, and they ought to stand out and strike the eye. For this reason the background or wall-space behind these ornaments should be plain and simple, neither broken up with arches or pillars into compartments, nor glittering with gilding. A bright background will render undistinguishable at a distance the crucifix and candlesticks, which are the proper and prescribed ornaments of the altar, and those ornaments which of all its furniture ought to be the most prominent and conspicuous,

The prominence, however, even of these is to be in moderation. While deprecating candlesticks which are short and squat, and remind us either of the bedchamber or of the catacombs, we are equally averse to candles which look like waxen fishing-rods set on top of gilded bed-posts.

The crucifix and the candlesticks ought to be of the same pattern and material, and the size of the one ought to be regulated by the size of the other. The cross of the crucifix ought to spring from a ball or knop which is in height on a line or level with the cups of the candlesticks; the base beneath this knop being of the same pattern and material as the candlesticks, which terminate in the cups for the reception of the candles.

On too many of the altars furnished by the modern Goth we find the top of the upper bar of the cross on a level with the cups of the candlesticks, and sometimes even lower than that level. Occasionally a toy, or dwarf, or pocket crucifix—too small to be seen by the faithful in the church—is to be found perched on the top of the tabernacle, which has itself usurped the place which belongs of right to the crucifix. The altar crucifix has right to its own place between the candlesticks, on the same level, and in a straight line with them. The lights are there to do honour to the crucifix. They are not there on account of the Blessed Sacrament.

To place the altar crucifix elsewhere than in the centre, on a straight line with the altar candlesticks, and between them, is to ignore the idea of the worship of the crucifix to which the lights are ordained to give expression. When both the altar crucifix and the altar candlesticks are in their proper places, we are reminded, during the Sacrifice of the Mass, of the Sacrifice of the Cross with which it is identified.

During the progress of the Mass the sacrificing priest is several times directed to raise his eyes to the cross. This he cannot do if, in order to see the cross, he has to lower his eyes.

It sometimes happens that when the priest raises his eyes to where the cross ought to be, he is confronted with a stone image of some saint, male or female. Even saints ought not to supersede their Sovereign. Nay, we do not hesitate to say that even the image of the Mother of God herself ought not to take the place of the image of her Divine Son in His crucifixion—a place which the Bride of Christ has jealously

reserved for her Heavenly Bridegroom in the ritual of the sacrificial mystery which represents their espousals.

Even when a structural crucifix of stone is of some size, but placed above the stone saint's head, the priest would have to leave the altar and take several paces backwards to get within view of it every time he is directed to raise his eyes towards it.

The trick of placing a small crucifix on or in front of the tabernacle, as a makeshift to satisfy the rubric, is strictly forbidden.

The modern Goth, entangled in his archaism, has puzzled himself over the conflicting claims of the tabernacle and of the altar crucifix to a place in a straight line between the altar candlesticks. In days gone by, when the Blessed Sacrament was not reserved in a tabernacle on the altar, but was either suspended over the altar, or placed in an aumbry or "sacrament-house" let in to the north wall of the sanctuary, there was either no *gradino*—that is, step or shelf—at the back of the altar for the crucifix and candlesticks—or there was one *gradino* only. There is a relic of the ancient arrangement, when there was no *gradino* at the back of the altar, in the modern practice of placing the two small candlesticks for a Low Mass on the *mensa* of the altar itself, in front of the lowest *gradino*.

When tabernacles on the altar came into use for the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament, a second *gradino* came to be placed on a level with the top of the tabernacle, and behind it.

On this upper *gradino* there was an unoccupied place for the altar crucifix, with the six altar candlesticks, three on either side of it. The *gradino* on the altar itself had the tabernacle let into it, and on this *gradino* there was room for four candlesticks in the four spaces between and below the six altar candlesticks on the upper *gradino*.

Talking of the tabernacle, we are reminded of another eccentricity of the modern Goth. Having displaced the altar crucifix, and relegated it to any place that it can find for itself, he exaggerates the size of the tabernacle. Instead of the tabernacle's being simply large enough and high enough to contain a couple of pyxes, and the lunette for Benediction, it is frequently so huge and high as to hide the altar crucifix above it from the eyes of the sacrificing priest, at those times when he

is directed to raise his eyes to the crucifix. We suspect, and from what we know of him *aliunde*, that at the back of the mind of the modern Goth there lurks an idea of suggesting not to the mind but to the imagination of the worshipper, and as an aid to his piety, a presence of our Lord in His natural dimensions, akin to His presence in the cave of Bethlehem, or in the cottage of Nazareth, or in the sepulchre of Calvary. Some tabernacles are roomy enough to render a presence of this kind a possibility, so far as dimensions are concerned.

The next enormity of the modern Goth is to have his tabernacle naked. This is not only an ignoring and breach of a strict precept to have the tabernacle canopied, but it is also in subversion of the very idea of a tabernacle for the Blessed Sacrament. A tabernacle is not intended to be a mere box, or chest, or safe. The tabernacle of the Divine Guest is supposed to be a tent or pavilion—the pavilion of a warrior in which He lodges during His campaign. It is this idea which has given its normal shape to the canopy of the tabernacle. The canopy is open in front, and, like a tent, it is gathered in at the top, round a small ornamental cross which crowns the dome of the tabernacle.

We sometimes hear of “tabernacle veils.” These are well meant. They bear, nevertheless, the same relation to the prescribed canopy that the fig-leaves of our first parents bear to the more elaborate clothing of their sons and daughters in the present century. Garments from the waist downwards are not intended mainly for the hiding of mis-shapen limbs, and the canopy of the tabernacle is not intended to conceal the shabbiness of its substructure.

The modern Goth seems to think that the hiding of shabbiness is the final cause of a canopy for the tabernacle, and that when there happens to be no reason for concealment the canopy is superfluous.

The Church prescribes that *regulariter*, or as a rule, the tabernacle should be made of wood, and the wood is to be gilded. The Church tolerates tabernacles made of other material, such as marble or metal, but in that case they ought to be lined with wood for the sake of securing dryness.

However beautiful the outside of the tabernacle may be, the prescribed canopy is not to be dispensed with, unless the taber-

nacle is made of *precious* metal, or is incrustated with gems or *precious* stones.

The most rare or costly marble, even if it is carved by the most excellent of artists, is never reckoned as *precious* stone. Gems may, speaking roughly, be described as stones such as might be set in a signet ring. A tabernacle of copper or of brass might cost more money than would a tabernacle of gilded wood, but the greater cost will not entitle copper or brass to rank in this case as *precious* metals.

The prescribed canopy of the tabernacle is, moreover, the only certain sign of the actual presence within the tabernacle of the Blessed Sacrament. Lamps burning before the tabernacle give no certain indication that the Blessed Sacrament is within it. One lamp at least there ought to be before the tabernacle, but lamps are hung also before other altars, and before shrines and pictures. These lamps ought never to be more in number than are the lamps which in the same church are burning before the tabernacle. The number of the latter ought always to be uneven—three, five, or seven, as the case may be.

The chances are ten to one that the modern Goth will have two, or four, or six, or eight lamps burning before a naked tabernacle, and there is then no means of knowing with any certainty whether or not the Blessed Sacrament is there. A single lamp before a canopied tabernacle is all that is prescribed, and it so far suffices that the faithful worshipper knows at once the central place towards which he is to direct his adoration.

We have an amusing recollection of a couple of Puseyite youths who came out to Rome, and who were nothing if not Goths. They wore the knees of their nether garments threadbare by genuflecting before every altar at which they saw lamps burning, under the pious impression which they had brought with them from England, that on account of those lamps the Blessed Sacrament must certainly somehow or other be reserved somewhere or other, in an aumbry, or elsewhere in the vicinity of those altars.

The colour of the canopy of the tabernacle ought to vary with the colour of the clothing of the altar. To this there is one exception. When the altar is vested in black, the tabernacle is to be canopied in violet.

The misdemeanour of the stripping of the tabernacle brings us to the most flagrant indecency of the modern Goth in his

affection for the nude in church furniture. In this we have also the most glaring divergence between his practice and the practice of the ancient Goths.

In the lists which are extant of the spoils of churches looted in England by the church robbers of the sixteenth century, we find constant mention of the vestures of the altar, which varied in colour in accordance with the season. That which a rubric of the Missal calls the *pallium* of the altar is sometimes called the *antependium* or *frontal* of the altar. The self-same series of rubrics which prescribes the vestments of the priest when he is saying Mass prescribes also the vesture of the altar while Mass is being said. *Pallio ornetur*—"Let the altar be adorned with a pall," says the twentieth of the General Rubrics of the Missal, of which the title is, "On the preparation of the altar, and the ornaments of it." The same rubric goes on to describe the colour of the pall which it prescribes, *coloris, quoad fieri potest, diei festo vel officio convenientis*, it is, "if it can possibly be managed, to be of the colour which belongs to the feast, or Office." It has been maintained by competent commentators, that this rubric even more than insinuates, if it does not explicitly and in so many words prescribe, that rather than that the altar should have no pallium at all, it should in case of necessity, on account of poverty or otherwise, be clothed with a pallium of the wrong colour. There is, moreover, in support of their argument the fact that another rubric connumerates and places on the same level the vestments of the altar, of the celebrant, and of the ministers. The eighteenth of the General Rubrics of the Missal says: "The vestments of the altar, of the celebrant, and of the ministers, ought to be of the colour which belongs to the Office and Mass of the day, in accordance with the use of the Roman Church, which is accustomed to use five colours, white, red, green, violet, and black."

That the *ancient* Goths in England observed the direction of the Church with regard to the clothing of the altar, is proved by the irrefragable evidence of the lists of church plunder. Many specimens of pre-Reformation altar-palls survive to this day to attest that no less care and excellence of labour was bestowed by our Catholic forefathers on the vestures of the altar than that which they lavished on the vestments of the priest.

The *modern* Goth, in his picking and choosing among the directions of the Church, and in his thus following his own

private judgment and self-will, displays his Protestant inclinations in the matter of Church furnishing. What tempts him, or what can possibly even prompt him to do this? The reason is not very far to seek and find.

The predominant motive in his mind in furnishing as in designing an altar is not the adaptation of the altar and its belongings to the orderly and convenient saying of Mass, but spectacular effect, or the appearance which the altar will present as an architectural *feature*. He has not always, or indeed often, in denuding the altar of the clothing which belongs to it, as prescribed for it, even the miserable excuse of the costliness of the material of which the front side of it is composed. This is seldom wrought in precious metal, and more seldom still is it an incrustation of gems or precious stones. A material which much commends itself to him is a soft stone, scarcely harder than a sound soap, which can be easily cut or scraped to any pattern with a penknife. Even when he goes the length of a fluor-spar which is ennobled with the name of alabaster, and which suggests the petrification of a Stilton cheese in fair condition for the table, the cost of cutting it is moderate. With these or similar materials he can get a great deal of what he calls carving done at a trifling outlay. As he can crown his altar-back with a forest of pinnacles, so he can crowd his altar-front with a mob of figures for very little money. The more archaic and therefore the ruder these figures are in design, the less the skill and the less the labour that will be required in the execution of them. It is not so much that the modern Goth is niggard in his expenditure, it is this that he does love to have as much as he can get to show for his money.

There is a certain quaintness which is not displeasing in some ancient specimens of rude carving which in the reproduction of these in modern work is lost in caricature.

Modern Gothic architects, and priests also, are, however, not always their own masters in this matter. They have to reckon with donors. These donors are frequently commercial men of the middle class, or the well-left widows of successful tradesmen. Both sets of donors have a strong leaning towards that aspect of Christianity which condemns the man who wrapped his talent of gold in a napkin and buried it in the earth. To many a kind-hearted priest it will seem to be ungracious, and even positively cruel, for him to clothe his altar as the Church directs, and so appear before the very face

of a most honest and well-meaning, would-be benefactor to be undervaluing his gift. The priest may feel, intensely, the vulgarity of the man's notions, but he will feel as acutely the outrage that he will be doing to the man's feelings if he follows his own conscience in obedience to the law of the Church with regard to the clothing of the altar while Mass is being said.

This is one only of a series of evils which flow forth from the original evil of the modern Goth's neglect, from ignorance or otherwise, of this plain ordinance of the Church. Another evil is that the altar itself comes in time to lose its sacredness in the eyes of the faithful. With this sacredness there disappears or, to say the least, there is obscured in the minds of the faithful the main object for which the altar exists. An altar exists of necessity for the Divine service of the Sacrifice of the Mass, and not for the popular devotion which is known as Benediction. We find that, as matter of fact, the unclothed altar of the modern Goth is made to subserve the latter function. The *mensa* of the altar which has been specially and solemnly consecrated, and ought to be kept sacred for sacrifice alone, is found ready to hand as a convenient shelf on which to place as many branch-candlesticks and flower-pots, of all sorts and sizes, as can be crowded upon it, and this, forsooth, to do honour to the Blessed Sacrament.

Benediction is an outgrowth of solid devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, which has in these latter days sprung into existence, and has, with the most cordial sanction of the Church, found not only its place in the devotional practice, but its home in the hearts of the faithful throughout the world. It is impossible, however, for Benediction to rise above the level of a recognized devotion of ecclesiastical and modern institution. Benediction cannot ever, throughout all the ages of future time, reach the level of the Sacrifice of the Mass, which is of Divine institution, coeval with the Church of Christ, and identified with the very essence of Christianity.

The Vicar of Jesus Christ has full power, at any moment, for reasons of the rightness and sufficiency of which he alone is judge, to abolish Benediction off the face of the earth, and to obliterate it from the list of approved devotions in the Church of God throughout the world, while for no reason whatsoever has he any power at all to abolish the Sacrifice of the Mass.

The profanation of the altar of sacrifice in the using of it as a shelf for flowers and candles has issued naturally, if not almost necessarily, in the lessening in many minds of the Sacrifice of the Mass. The less solidly instructed are more caught by their senses than held by their intelligence. Persons not a few who profess to be Catholics, and who fancy that they hold the Catholic faith, are actually in these days to be heard saying, that they prefer Benediction as a Church service to Holy Mass. "It is," they say, "so bright, and so easily followed, and the altar does look so sweetly pretty." The old law of the Catholic Church is, in the practice of the modern Goths, superseded by their new gospel of the "sweetly pretty." We need not wonder if the affections or even the minds of their disciples are being gradually and insensibly perverted to this unholy preference of a sensually attractive Benediction to a low celebration of the Sacrifice of the Mass. If this irrational preference has not its root in heresy, it will most certainly by-and-bye bear fruit in heresy with regard to the one divinely instituted act of Christian worship.

The Church of Christ does not, in any way, forbid the use of flowers in her services, and even at Holy Mass; she will, however, have them in their proper place, and not in immoderate profusion. She permits flowers, for instance, at the Altar of Repose—very commonly, but wrongly, called the Easter Sepulchre—on Maundy Thursday, but she forbids the chapel in which the altar is erected being turned into a *viridarium*, or greenhouse. She permits flowers also at Mass, but they are to be *flosculi in vasculis*, small flowers in small vases. These small vases of flowers have their proper place between the candlesticks, which are the prescribed *ornaments* of the altar. In defiance of this direction of the Church of Christ, the modern Goth not seldom stacks not only on the shelves behind the altar, but on the very altar itself—on the very *mensa* which has been solemnly consecrated for the Sacrifice of the Divine Victim—pots and tubs and other vessels and utensils of large size and of every material, shape, and colour. The candlesticks, which are the proper and prescribed *ornaments*, are frequently almost, if not entirely, hidden from view by these unauthorized banks of flowers and greenery and the crockery which contains them. It is at unclothed altars that these meretricious flower-shows are chiefly to be met with. The prostitution with flower-pots of an altar when it is clothed with that decency which the

Church of Christ prescribes, would be almost too much even for the modern Goth in his lust after the "sweetly pretty." When an altar has been stripped naked, and thus divested of the significance of sacrifice with which the Church has invested it by her careful clothing of it, the incongruity or unbecomingness of turning the "place where the Lord has lain" into a flower-stand is not externally so striking. There seems to be an intrinsic bond of connection between these two acts of profanation which are perpetrated by the modern Goth. The man who has given no heed to the Rubric of the Missal, *Altare pallio ornetur*, which prescribes the vesting of the altar with its *pallium*, is not likely to give much attention to a precept which is not, as is that Rubric, of universal law, but is merely of particular or local law. This precept, however, is not without its weight and force of obligation. It is contained in a book which lies on the steps of every altar throughout the length and breadth of England while Benediction is being given, the *Ritus servandus in Expositione et Benedictione Sanctissimi Sacramenti*. This *Ritus* bears the *imprimatur* of the Vicar-Apostolic, Bishop Wiseman, afterwards Cardinal Wiseman, in 1849, along with the *reimprimatur*s of Cardinal Manning in 1889, and Cardinal Vaughan in 1893, and it had moreover the preceptive sanction of the First Provincial Council of Westminster. This solemn document ordains that the candles to be lighted at Benediction, even when they far exceed the prescribed number, *non sint in ipsâ mensâ collocandæ, sed hinc inde dispositæ*, are not to be placed on the *mensa* of the altar. It declares, moreover, that the laws which it lays down with regard to Benediction, *omnes stricte obligare*, are all of them strictly binding. We commend consideration of these forcible words to the conscience of the modern Goth.

Another flagrant misdemeanour of the same lawless person is his robbing His sacramental Majesty of the chief ensign of His royalty. The thrones of Kings and Pontiffs are set beneath a *daïs*, or canopy, or "cloth of estate." This God's Church has provided by precept for Him who is at once her Sovereign and her Supreme Pontiff, who dwells as really as He dwells invisibly within her gates. The canopy belongs also both to His visible Vicar upon earth, and to the Bishops who under him are princes—tributary princes, indeed, but true princes—in His visible kingdom.

The modern Goth is not remiss in providing this princely ensign for the Bishop of the diocese. The Bishop's visits of ceremony to his parish churches are necessarily rare and at long intervals, and the throne erected in churches which are not his Cathedral is a moveable throne, set up for the occasion, and taken down after his departure. It does not therefore permanently interfere with architectural arrangements. It is otherwise with the royal daïs, or canopy, or "cloth of estate," or, as the Church calls it in the Latin of her precept, *Baldachinum*, which is as permanent a structure as is the altar which is erected beneath it. This prescribed arrangement the modern Goth dislikes as hiding some of the pinnacles of the reredos, in which his soul delights, or as partially obscuring from public view his stained glass eastern window, which has cost money. He pays no attention, therefore, to the precept of the Church which prescribes the placing of a *baldachinum* over the altar and place of sacrifice. The consequence is that in his churches we not seldom see a Bishop seated beneath a princely canopy, while his Lord and Master has over Him no ensign of His royalty. There are Bishops who, on those occasions, have positively refused to ascend their thrones until the canopy over these was taken down, when they saw that no canopy had been provided for their Sovereign. Their refusal was dictated not merely by a sentiment of private piety, but by obedience to a public ordinance of the Church of Christ. The Congregation of Sacred Rites decreed on August 20, 1722, that a Bishop is to compel his Chapter to place a *baldachinum* over the high altar in his Cathedral, when they have omitted to do so. The *Cæremoniale Episcoporum* also declares that a *baldachinum* may be placed over the Bishop's throne, so long as there is another similar or more sumptuous hung over the altar, unless where there is already erected over the altar a *ciborium* of marble or stone, in which case it would be superfluous, and could not conveniently be arranged.

The *ciborium* to which the *Cæremoniale* refers, is a fixed structure, which rises from the pavement and consists of four monolith columns, on the capitals of which is placed a daïs of metal or of gilt wood, with shield-shaped and tasselled pendants. The under side of the roof of it is ornamented with a dove with wings outspread in the midst of rays of glory. The roof above is more or less pyramidal in shape, and is crowned with a globe surmounted by a gilded cross.

In default of a fixed *ciborium* of this kind over the altar, its place is to be taken by a *baldachinum*, which is suspended from the roof by cords or chains. It is square or elliptical in form, made of wood which has been carved and gilded, and from this cornice hang all around it shield-shaped pendants of red silk damask with a border of gold lace and gold fringe. In size this canopy will cover the whole of the *mensa* of the altar beneath it, along with the *predella* or *scabellum*, that is, the foot-pace on which the priest is standing while he is saying Mass, so that the Divine Sacrifice will be offered beneath the canopy which is the special ensign of the Royal Priesthood of Him whom the priest personates.

These canopies, in place of fixed *ciboria*, were very common in the middle ages, as we know from pictures and miniatures, as well as from inventories of church furniture in those days which are still extant. Even in the fixed and monumental *ciboria*, the idea of the "cloth of estate" is expressed by the reproduction in metal of the shield-shaped and tasselled pendants.

The modern Goth endeavours sometimes to justify his lawlessness in defrauding the altar of its canopy by ridiculing a canopied altar as reminding him of an old-fashioned bedstead with its tester. He forgets, or is ignorant of the fact, that the practice of placing a canopy over a bed, to indicate that it was a state bed, was suggested by the canopy over a throne, while the canopy of a throne had no anterior mental connection with the canopy of a bedstead.

He sometimes also tries to insinuate from the common use of the word *baldacchino* to denominate an altar canopy, that this canopy is of purely Italian origin and use, and appropriate only in churches of Italian style or classical architecture. Again he is at fault in forgetting that *Baldachinum* is a word which the Church herself has adopted and uses in her legislation on this matter.

He further forgets that this legislation forms part of the *universal law* of the Universal Church, which extends to every country under heaven, and applies to every actual or conceivable style of architecture. When he maintains that furnishings which the Church prescribes will not fit in with his favourite style, *probat nimis*. He will, if he could prove anything, be proving

only that this style is unfitted for the decencies of Christian worship.

The ancient Goths did not see any incongruity between the two—between architectural style and ecclesiastical law—nor do those who are their faithful followers. In a masterly sketch by Mr. H. W. Brewer, which reproduces from ancient documents and drawings the old high altar of Westminster Abbey, as it was in pre-Reformation times, we see the *baldacchino* suspended above the Gothic reredos, and beneath the great eastern window. It in no way structurally interferes with its Gothic surroundings, it adds dignity to the altar, and prevents it from being cast into shade, and so belittled, by the strong glare of light which would otherwise be thrown in front of it from the eastern window.

The writer remembers a conversation of his, some years ago, with an English architect who is as eminent for his Catholic piety and practice as he is for his professional talent and success, and who is moreover a Goth of Goths. On upbraiding him with the vulgarity and lawlessness of the modern Goths in their stripping of altars and tabernacles of their clothing and canopies, his reply was: "My dear Father, I agree from my heart with every word you say, and for the last twenty years I have been fighting tooth and nail for the very things you advocate, but these people with their three-and-sixpenny altars will have none of them." Goth to his finger-tips, my friend was not a modern Goth, and we have already professed that with the ancient Goths we have no quarrel.

An attempt was made in the diocese of Salford, in 1881, by the then Bishop (now Cardinal) Vaughan to remedy the irregularities in church furnishing which are due to modern Goths, and other architectural vagabonds. His Lordship printed a pamphlet of "Directions laid down in the Sixth Synod of Salford, for the use of Altar Societies and Architects, taken from the Decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, Pope Benedict XIV., and the First Council of Westminster, with measurements and dimensions drawn up by St. Charles, or Gavanto, or at present in use in Rome." This most practical pamphlet, besides the directions which it contains, gives diagrams to show the proper arrangement of altar and tabernacle, crucifix and candlesticks, as adapted to both styles of architecture—the Roman and the Gothic—along with diagrams

of the pallium (or antependium, or frontal) of the altar, and of the *baldacchino*.

The proper shape and correct measurements of the sacerdotal and clerical vestments, and of the various articles of altar-linen, are also given.

Vulgar finery is not seldom a cloak for coarse under-linen, while fineness of under-linen is supposed at inquests to give some clue to the rank of life of a person whose dead body has been found clad in plain outer garments. The altar-linen of the modern Goth is not remarkable for its excellence, and it is to be found of all shapes and sizes. It is difficult sometimes to distinguish a corporal from a purificator. Sometimes again it is scarcely possible for the Sacred Host to be laid on *linen*, since great part of the corporal is already occupied with monograms and other spider-like devices, which have been embroidered on it in *cotton*. The uppermost of the three linen altar-cloths which cover the *mensa* of the altar ought to be long enough to fall at both ends about three fingers' breadth below the top of the *predella*, and so almost to reach either to the first of the two steps of a high altar, or to the pavement on which the *predella* of a side altar is placed. It does not compensate for the lawless shortening of the prescribed length of the altar-cloth that the front of it is overlaid with pious sentences wrought in letters of flaring red and blue, which are so archaic that not only he that runneth, but he that sitteth and gazeth, cannot read them. These additions have not been prescribed by any Rubric, by any Congregation, or by any Ceremonial of the Catholic Church. Their existence is due to the pernicious activity of modern Gothic dames and damsels.

There are men in whose eyes these matters may appear to be very trivial—mere matters of man millinery, as they would say. These are men to whom a Christian church, which they have no objection to call a House of God, is not a Home of Jesus Christ in the reality of the literal meaning of these words. This, and nothing less than this, every Catholic church is. A Catholic church is at once a Temple and a Palace of Jesus of Nazareth. Inasmuch as it contains an altar on which Jesus as High Priest offers Himself as a Divine Victim in sacrifice to the Divine Majesty, a Catholic church is His Temple. Inasmuch as it contains a tabernacle within which Jesus has His dwelling in the intervals of that exercise of His Priesthood, a

Catholic church is a Palace of His, or place of His abode. A Catholic church is not a mere meeting-house, or place of assembly for the worship by men of their Maker. Even a building which has been made as worthy of God as men can make it, and which has been dedicated to the worship of the one true God, is not in virtue of its dedication a House of God in the sense of a Home of Jesus as He, a Divine Person, is Man, and Mediator between God and men. It is the abiding presence of Jesus within its walls which makes a house which is His property to be a Home of His. Of these Homes of His in every land the Catholic and Roman Church, which is His Spouse and Bride on earth, has charge. The furnishing of them belongs to her domestic providence, and there is no detail of it which is too small for her supervision. In her eyes nothing can be trivial which concerns the due lodging of her Lord, and the minuteness of her directions is the most telling evidence of the solicitude of her love. What can possibly be conceived more trivial, in eyes other than hers, or those of her children whose minds and wills are one with hers, than her elaborate directions with regard to the varying heights of the altar-candles, or with regard to the frames of wood on which the altar frontals are to be stretched? While the six lights on the high altar are to be in one line, they are not to be on one level. The outer lights on either side are to be lower than are the two which stand next to them, while these again are to be lower than the two which are next the crucifix, with which all the six of them are to be in one straight line. The frontal of the altar too is not to be a mere piece of cloth of gold, or silver, or silken drapery, hanging loosely in front of the altar, but is to be stretched on *telaria*, that is, on a wooden frame which is attached to the front of the altar, so that its frontals should not be *rugosa aut sinuosa*, either wrinkled or in folds.

We have given extreme instances of minuteness of direction, in order to place in clearest light the extreme solicitude of the Bride of Christ in all that concerns the housing of her Heavenly Bridegroom. When this is in question, and even in its most minute detail, she does not advise—she legislates. Her legislation on this matter is voluminous. It is contained mainly in the general rubrics which are prefixed to the Missal, in the prescriptions of the *Cæremoniale Episcoporum*, and in the decrees of her Sacred Congregation of Rites. The *Cæremoniale* has force of law, and while binding primarily in Cathedral and Collegiate

Churches, is binding secondarily, but equally, as regards all matters which concern them, in all churches whatsoever, and even in churches of Regulars, unless these can produce a Privilege from the Apostolic See which exempts them by way of derogation from universal law.

We are not now concerned with questions of moral theology, or measuring the moral guilt, if any, of those who contravene precepts of liturgical law. We have been speaking to the affections rather than to the wills of the faithful, but to affections as subject to the guidance of right reason, as much as is the will. It will be with reason if their loyal instinct prompts them, in the selection of gifts for the House of God, to look not only to the will, but to the *wish* of the Mother and Mistress of all Churches of the world. Her *wish* at least, if not her will, is expressed even when her ordinances are directive only, and not preceptive.

If these ordinances are carried out to the letter in the construction and furnishing of an altar, this at least is certain, that however small the cost of that altar, with its furniture, may be, it will have, in its staid simplicity, a stateliness which the most lavish expenditure of money cannot compass when "private taste and preference lead and govern where they ought rather to follow and serve."¹

¹ *Directions for the use of Altar Societies and Architects.* By Bishop (now Cardinal) Vaughan.

A Modern Achates.

CHAPTER XXVI.

I charge thee, loiter not, but haste to bless me.

THE Calais boat had just steamed heavily into Dover harbour. The wind was blowing strongly from the land, and great grey waves came rolling in with a dull savage roar, half angry and half sullen, striking upon the stone pier, and breaking forthwith into foam.

A crowd had collected on the quay to watch the arrival of the steamer ; but this done, they drew back a little, for the pier at Dover is not extensive, and there were many passengers, and much luggage to come ashore. The wind also was somewhat boisterous, and some who in their curiosity had approached too near, had been punished by a drenching shower of spray, and driven back to a respectful distance, leaving the quay to its rightful possessors, who had purchased it for the time being by a rough and peculiarly unpleasant crossing. The excitement was still at its height, people were hurrying about, dazed partly by the wind and spray, struggling at times even to keep their feet, when the more violent gusts came sweeping down the street, and round the corners of the Lord Warden Hotel. They were calling for their luggage too, or looking after their children, surely in some danger amid all this stir and turmoil of the elements. Cabs and carriages were filling and dispersing, busy porters from the different hotels pressing themselves upon the notice of the travellers, whilst custom-house officials, little less exasperating than the *douaniers* of the Continent, were making sad disturbance amongst the effects of cross and ill-used passengers.

Lord Gletherton and Mr. Charlton were almost the last to leave the vessel. Reginald still looked worn and ill, and his languid indolence of manner was more noticeable than usual, whilst with the thoughtlessness that was so marked a feature of

his character (but which was perhaps under the circumstances excusable), he left the vexations of the custom-house to his companion.

They intended to stay the night at Dover; and Reginald, tired of the bustle and confusion, and shivering despite his wraps, as he met the wind, yielded easily to Edmund's counsel, and sauntered slowly in the direction of the hotel, whither they had already written for rooms. He turned, however, as he reached the portico, and, partly sheltered, looked back a moment at the stormy, excited scene. As he did so, Lady Vivian drove up to the hotel. She was driving a pair of piebald ponies, as pretty and eccentric as herself; spirited little creatures also, but she had them well in hand, and as Reginald knew, was quite competent to manage them. Very pretty she looked in her coquettish hat and ulster, with the bright colour in her cheeks (the biting wind never spoilt *her* beauty), and the flash in the bright fearless eyes, and the pleased smile on her lips as she recognized her cousin. She drew up at once, and gave him a warm welcome. "*Soyez le bien-venu* after your travels in foreign parts," she said. "But you don't seem the better for them; you look woefully thin."

"Malaria," said the Earl, dryly, as he shook hands.

"Oh, yes, I know. How frightened we all were! And all Frederick's fault, wasn't it? But I thought you would have looked yourself by this time. What will your mother say? and Lilius?"

"That remains to be seen."

"You are going straight on?"

"No, we shall stay the night here."

"And Mr. Charlton—is he with you?"

"Yes, he is at the custom-house. Some tiresome hitch about the luggage. He is coming with me to the Abbey. It is a surprise to me to meet you here, Amy," he added, after a pause.

"Oh, didn't you know? We wouldn't wait for Frederick, couldn't, indeed. Stephen is better? Oh, yes! but not well! and we have masons down at Easterham. And so we stayed on here. How could you cross to-day—so rough, so stormy?"

"We are both good sailors."

"Well, so am I, but I don't like *that*!" And she looked with a little shiver, half-affected, Reginald thought, to the tossing sea, the foam-wreathed shore. Then, "You will look us up at Ascot, Reginald? We are going to take a villa there."

"Certainly, if I can get leave," and lifting his hat courteously, he stood aside, as she drove on, and watched the pretty little fairy equipage drive merrily down the street.

Then Edmund joined him, and they went into the hotel together.

Next morning the wind had dropped. The sun shone brightly, almost like summer, people said, as they stood in sheltered nooks and revelled in its warm beams, gazing, meanwhile, upon the fair scene before them, the broad blue sea no longer brawling and tempest-driven as on the previous day, but breaking in soft sleepy waves upon the beach; the brown-sailed fishing-boats dancing gaily in the breeze; the white cliffs, castle-crowned and fortified, shining out against the blue sky, and the red-tiled roofs of the old town clustering cheerfully at their feet.

Edmund was alone, deep in the morning papers, when Mr. Seaham was announced.

"I ran down yesterday to look up Vivian," he explained presently, after cordial greetings had passed between them, "and heard from him of your arrival. I suppose you are only birds of passage, or do you propose remaining here a day or two?"

"We leave this afternoon for the Abbey."

"They have been in sad distress about you. You will be warmly welcomed—a real prodigal son."

"We are prepared for that."

"And you have made it up with Gletherton—forgiven and forgotten, and the rest of it? Well, I hope *he* won't forget so soon."

"His faults are surface faults only; he has the making in him of a fine character, as I have often said before, and I feel sure will not belie them."

"And you doubtless did the mentor to perfection, and read him a long homily—'I told you so,' and such like. You smile, which means you did not. You're a good fellow, Charlton, but a great deal too soft. I hope, at least, he made you an apology."

"Charlton is much more merciful than you are, Seaham," said a laughing voice behind them.

"Reginald! down already!"

"Well, Gletherton, how are you?"

"Thanks—on the mend. Well, Edmund, I heard your interesting conversation. I can't help feeling rather shy, Seaham; but as you partly witnessed my misdeeds (I'm afraid

I rather boasted of them), 'tis well that you should hear of my—repentance.”

“I trust that you are nearly well again?”

“Oh, yes, I think so; though Charlton still persists in invaliding me. I deserve *that* you think? and more?” mischievously.

“Nonsense! You know better. You did deserve *some* Nemesis, I acknowledge; but I *think* you had more than your deserts.”

“Thanks for small mercies! Well, here goes! Let's have breakfast. How hungry the sea makes one! I suppose, though, it is rather late?” Then, as he rang the bell: “What will you have? or have you, like Charlton, broken fast an hour ago?”

“Thanks, I have breakfasted. But I will stay and tell you the news. You will be wanted in the House soon, Charlton.”

“I see that there is plenty to be done there. Well, I am ready, and, after my long holiday, must work hard.”

“A pretty sort of holiday,” growled Reginald; and then they moved into the breakfast-room, where Reginald, less hungry than he had said, toyed leisurely with the good things provided, and kept up a lazy, bantering conversation all the while.

Presently the letters were brought in.

There was one for Edmund, with a deep black border. He opened it with quick anxiety, and the grave look deepened perceptibly upon his face. “Reginald,” he said, and his voice sounded strange, “I must go to Charlton: my uncle died yesterday.”

“Old Isaac!” The words slipped inadvertently from the Earl's lips. Then, in a different tone: “I beg your pardon, Edmund. I am sorry.” Then: “Must you go at once? Yes, I suppose you must. Your sisters will have need of you.”

“Would they? The letter was but coldly worded, and yet it was a summons home. Was it his home? But either way his duty was to go—and that immediately.

In a minute or two he turned to Reginald, his face, his tone, a little grave, a little sad. The news, though not entirely unprepared for, had been something of a shock to him. He had known that Isaac Charlton had been failing, yet he had hoped to see him once again. That last meeting left a bitter memory;

which now could never be effaced. "I am sorry not to accompany you home, Reginald. You see it is impossible."

"My mother will be grieved. It is an awful bore, Edmund,—well, I shouldn't say that, I know, but I can't help it. It's not as if he had been kind to you," he added.

"That makes it worse."

The words were scarcely spoken to Reginald, but he heard them and said, warmly: "It was selfish of me to speak thus, Edmund. I only wished so much that you could come with me—you have had so much of gloom lately, and the Abbey would have done you good. However, it must be so."

Mr. Seaham had moved away when Edmund opened his letter, but he came up now to say good-bye. He heard the news with little surprise, but regretted that it had come just then. He knew the coldness between old Isaac and his nephew, and knew Edmund well enough to understand his feelings much better than Reginald could do. He wondered how things would turn out—whether Edmund would inherit the Grange. For Edmund had been very silent on the matter, and although the Squire's intentions had been rumoured, they were not generally accepted as a fact, while, save to Reginald and Lady Julia, the actual *promise* was unknown.

Presently, he turned the conversation to the home journey. "My business with Lord Vivian is happily accomplished," he said, "and I am going back at once to Cannington. We will travel together, Gletherton, if you like?"

And Reginald agreeing cordially, Edmund said good-bye to both of them, and, leaving word for his effects to follow him, hurried off to catch the next train westward.

CHAPTER XXVII.

How the time
Loiters in expectation.—*Havard.*

MEANWHILE, at Clare Abbey, there was unusual expectation and excitement, awaiting the arrival of the travellers.

The curtains were drawn closely in the pretty morning-room, with its warm crimson silk hangings, and its general air of luxury and ease. The fire burned brightly, and the cosiest *chaise longue* was drawn close to the hearth, in case, as Mrs. Fitzgerald said, Reginald should be tired with the long journey.

The tea-things of delicate Sevres china were spread daintily on the silver tray, whilst the light gleamed softly down from shaded lamps, and vases of spring flowers stood side by side with *bric-a-brac* and *objets d'art*.

"Really, mother, this room is like a garden," said Lillas at last, as the butler by her mother's orders placed bowls of hot-house roses on the table. "If 'poor dear Reggie' be as ill as you suppose, he will find these strongly-scented flowers unbearable."

"Reginald likes pretty things," returned his mother; "poor dear boy, he has just my tastes. Is it not nearly time for them to come, Lillas?"

"The carriage has not gone yet, mother."

"Ring and tell them to go instantly. He will catch his death of cold at that wretchedly draughty station."

Lillas did as she was told, and Mrs. Fitzgerald took up a new grievance.

"I dare say he will miss his train; he is so very heedless."

"Mr. Charlton will be with him."

"Well, yes, that is a great comfort. I don't know how I shall ever thank him half enough. You will be nice to him this time, Lillas?" with a little pleading in her tone.

"The same as usual," said her daughter, slowly—the mother thought a little coldly; and yet the colour had flushed into her face, and her lips quivered as she spoke.

Lillas rather dreaded Edmund's coming: to have to speak to him in words of gratitude, with warmth and friendliness, as his kind service had deserved, and yet withhold the guerdon that he sought. As time goes on our feelings change, and these last months had not been without their influence. Her anxiety during Reginald's illness had been terrible, and she knew how much she owed his friend. How kind had been his letters in the long, trying suspense. What comfort to know that he was watching over Reginald, when they themselves were far from him and helpless. How indignant she had been at Reginald's folly; how often pictured to herself the reconciliation, and prayed that it might be in truth a lasting one. But she expressed no pleasure now at the prospect of soon seeing Edmund, and thought few of her deepest thoughts aloud.

A hasty scrawl from Reginald in weak, straggling handwriting, had reached them some three weeks before, giving the history, briefly, of his illness and its cause, and assuring them

of his convalescence. Since then the letters had mostly been from Mr. Charlton, brief, but satisfactory in most ways. Both Liliás and her mother knew, however, that, after so severe an illness, complete recovery must be slow. Mrs. Fitzgerald was certain that those fevers had relapses; he might be very ill even now. The storms, too, had been bad lately, and although Reginald was a first-rate sailor, when the time drew near for the travellers to arrive, she felt it her duty to be anxious. She tried to make Liliás anxious also.

"Liliás, are you *certain* that no accident has happened?" she asked, plaintively, for at least the twentieth time that day, and Liliás replied with the same imperturbable calmness, which at heart she was, however, far from feeling: "I hope not, mother."

"You must see that it is getting late for them."

"I do not think so; the trains are sometimes late. To-day especially they will be so, on account of the Oxminster races."

"But that makes it the more dangerous. I wish Eveleen were here! This suspense is very trying to me, and she would be certain to suggest something."

"What would you like me to suggest, mother? I have no doubt it is all right. I am not at all alarmed about them; they could not have been here sooner."

"It would take a great deal to alarm *you*, Lily," said her mother, reproachfully. "You do not seem to care whether they come safe or not." Then, as Liliás did not answer, "I wish they *would* come, Liliás; if we were to send down to the first gate——"

"It would not hasten them."

"What *can* I do?" still more plaintively.

"Nothing but wait patiently, I fear, mother. It will not be much longer now."

Mrs. Fitzgerald only sighed; then presently took up the last letter—a mere line sent from Paris two days since. To the mother's anxious, yearning heart it seemed very brief and bare. If Edmund had only written also. She read it through and laid it down again, her longing breaking into words: "If only he had said a little more. I'm sure he must be very ill, even now. Mr. Charlton might have written," she said, fretfully.

"He would have done so, had he thought it necessary."

"Well, yes, he would. He is a true friend, Liliás. I wish, I do wish now, you had accepted him. I didn't at first, I

thought you might do better ; but you haven't much ambition in you," a little regretfully, "and Reggie always wished it so."

"I cannot marry to please my brother," said Lillas, in a low tone, her face a little turned away.

"But he is so nice himself. Oh, don't you think so? The cleverest man in London, people say, and such a *good* influence for Reginald. Of course it wasn't a *grand* match," with a sigh, "but an old name is better than a new title ; and he has the Grange to look to later. Don't you *think* it was a pity?" as no comment was vouchsafed.

Lillas had risen whilst her mother spoke, and was now standing haughty and erect, like a stag at bay ; the red firelight shot up into her fair features, whilst her grey eyes flashed ominously. These words, which so hurt her, had they not often been her own? In this perhaps lay their sting. Her voice was very quiet and cold. If wanting in respect, she did not mean it so ; she only longed to stay the words which, though spoken innocently, cut her to the soul.

"Please let us change the subject," she said, slowly ; "it is more than disagreeable—it is painful to me. I shall begin to wish that he had never crossed my path." But though the words were proud, the flush upon her cheek belied them.

Mrs. Fitzgerald looked surprised, almost aggrieved. It was strange not to understand her own child, but she had never from childhood upward understood Lillas.

"*You* are sorry, then, that he is coming to-night?" she said.

"No, I am glad ; it was the least that we could do—to thank him, when he had done so much for us."

"I wonder what the real facts are," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, "about that expedition to l'Esterel? Do you think that he and Reggie had *really* words about it?"

"I do not doubt that Reggie had words with *him*. He says so."

"But Mr. Charlton does not."

"Of course not ; but it is true. He is too generous to Reginald—yes, mother, I say it advisedly—and this has been the end : he was thrown over for a shallow friendship, for a moment's pleasure. He would not have let Reggie go alone to l'Esterel, if Reggie had left it possible for him to go with him."

"My dear, delicate as Mr. Charlton is, or looks, it would be natural for him not to run the risk."

"He has shown how little thought he had of risk," said Liliás.

"Yes, dear, I know; it was very noble of him; he has proved himself a true friend, and you are quite right to stand up for him. For Reggie, I dare say he was a little hot about it; he likes his own way, poor dear boy, but I have no doubt he was sorry afterwards."

"When he had to pay the penalty," said Liliás. She knew that more had happened than a few words; that some real breach had come between the friends, that could not at the time be bridged; but she did not care to discuss this with her mother, and for a long time the silence was unbroken. Then Cora joined them, and soon afterwards a sharp ring at the hall bell aroused them all to eager expectation.

Mrs. Fitzgerald looked up joyfully, a smile of welcome on her fair, delicate face; a happy light in her blue eyes, which were so like her son's. Fain had she hastened down to meet him, but Dr. Prosy had forbidden the exertion, and so the cousins went alone to welcome home the prodigal.

The servants had already thrown open the door, and Liliás, with Cora clinging to her, passed through the brightly-lighted hall, and stood upon the steps, the cold night air fanning her hot cheeks and disordering Cora's golden curls. Liliás's heart beat fast; the anxiety she would not show before found expression in her brimming eyes, as she watched the tall, slight figure of the Earl descend slowly from the carriage and mount the low stone steps, as if the slight exertion were an effort to him. Then, with outstretched hands, she went to meet him, and in tones more sisterly than ever yet: "O Reggie, Reggie," she said, "we are so glad to have you home again! The mother has been ill with grieving for you."

Lord Gletherton bent and kissed her as he answered: "And I am glad to be at home again! Where is the mother? All right, I hope? I'll go to her this minute. Why, Cora, you are grown, I think. Is Eveleen here?"

One of the servants was meanwhile helping him to divest himself of his wraps, and Liliás, after one long searching gaze at him, marking, with more anxiety than she quite realized, how thin he was, and how more than ever languid, turned her eyes questioningly out into the darkness, as if to seek another face, to hear another voice, almost as well known to her as his.

Lord Gletherton saw this, and guessed her thoughts,

"Charlton could not come," he said, as she again turned towards him.

Then, before another question could be asked, he hurried to the morning-room, where Mrs. Fitzgerald met him on the threshold. She was growing impatient at the delay; yet he had only been two minutes in the house.

"Oh, Reginald, my boy! Thank God. Thank God!" And then her arms were about his neck, her words came brokenly; while he for a moment did not speak, but kissed her fervently, a little choking sensation in his throat, as he realized, for the first time perhaps, how narrowly he had missed this home-coming. The same thought was in his mother's heart; his changed face was a shock to her, even after long days of preparation.

"How dreadfully ill you do look, Reggie," she said, perhaps for the twentieth time, when the first *epanchement* of affection over, the incoherent questions asked and answered, he had extricated himself from her embraces, and sank indolently into the comfortable lounge prepared for him. "I never, never will consent to part with you again. You have half killed me, you know. I never thought that I should live through it. I wonder how I did."

"Well, mother, we have both lived through it, thank God," he answered, gravely; "and as for me, I'll soon be right again. These swamp fevers pull one down; but you must not look at me as if I were a scarecrow," with a slight smile. "Both you and Lillas must be extra good to me, and not scold me over-much."

"Dear boy, we are too glad to have you safe again!" said his mother, tenderly.

"Thank you, mother; I breathe freely. But what does Lillas say?" with a glance at his sister's thoughtful face.

"You look too ill for me to *scold* you," she said, "whatever sins you may confess to."

"There's plenty to confess," said her brother, frankly; "but time enough for that. I hope you've killed the fatted calf, mother?"

"Don't jest about it, Reggie," she said, beseechingly, as if the subject were too near her heart. "I cannot bear to see you look so ill; you must have tea at once, and then rest yourself."

"I'm resting here, mother. It's good to be at home again." And he leaned back a little wearily, while Lillas filled his cup

and waited on him, with a gentle solicitude which half surprised and half amused him, while it made him realize perhaps more fully how great their anxiety had been for him.

"And why have you not brought Mr. Charlton with you?" said his mother, at last, with sudden remembrance. "His own home is so lonely, and I thought you said he had promised to come?"

"His uncle is dead, mother; and he was sent for."

"Old Isaac!" said Cora, using the familiar appellation. "Well, Mr. Charlton can't care much for him."

"Poor old man," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, languidly, "and so he's gone. I did not see it in the *Herald* this morning." Then suddenly with more animation: "Will this make any difference to Edmund?"

"It ought to do: if his uncle kept his word. The Grange was not entailed, I fancy." Then, after a pause: "The old miser must have piles of money. A nice thing for some one to come into—though the poor man had little pleasure out of it."

"Well, I hope he has left it right, that's all: there is no doubt who is the proper heir."

"The heir-at-law. I sincerely hope it is so. He felt his uncle's death," he added presently, "in spite of everything."

"Oh, of course he would do that," said Mrs. Fitzgerald. "I am sure I felt *your* uncle's death, although—although——" Meeting Liliás's reproachful glance, she stopped. There was scarcely a parallel between the old Earl and Isaac Charlton.

"And how did you get so thin and pale, Reggie?" said Cora, who had been intently watching him from an elevated perch on an old-fashioned arm-chair. "I know you have done *something* shocking, but I don't know exactly what it is."

"Confession on the instant! deliver or die! I wish I had brought Charlton with me. He'd have done it so much better."

"So much better for *you*, Reggie?" said Liliás.

"Well, yes, I meant that," answered Reginald. "I tell you what, Liliás, he's a rare good fellow, the most unselfish, the most generous——"

"And yet you quarrelled with him—left him, Reginald? *Why* was it?" said Liliás in a low voice.

"Because *I* wanted to amuse myself; and Manley wanted to get rid of Edmund. Between these rocks the ship foundered! My temper got the better of me, and then," half penitently, "you can imagine the rest."

"But surely, Reginald, the first heat over——"

"I ought to have apologized? No, thank you, Lillas! Apologies would have meant submission—and I couldn't submit."

"Of course not! no Fitzgerald could!" said Lillas, rather bitterly, although there was a tinge of sadness in her voice. "O Reggie! Reggie!—when he had been so good to you! had gone there only for your sake. But even now I hardly understand it. It was not at Esterel that you were ill?"

"No; the *fêtes* there were put off; so we went on to Ste. Marie. An after-thought, upon my honour! Not *malice prepense*—far from it," as Lillas's grey eyes turned towards him in surprise. "We left him for a night only; but—yielded to temptation."

"And Mr. Manley's blandishments," said Cora. "So Mr. Charlton would not follow you?"

"Why, no," reluctantly. "In fact, he could not: he did not know where we were gone."

"You did not tell him! O Reggie, how unkind. In his place, I should have gone back straight to London. I can't think why he did not."

"Because he was a better friend than I deserved," said Reginald, frankly. Then, in a lower and more earnest tone: "He saved my *life*, mother."

"O Reggie, Reggie! can I ever thank him!" and there were real tears in Mrs. Fitzgerald's eyes.

Reginald rose and kissed her, without speaking, and Lillas, drawing Cora away, left mother and son together.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Bickner. Who is to get the old man's money?

Ritman. Wait till the will's read.

Bickner. Well, he can't take it with him.

Cutt's Poor Scholar.

A FEW months had passed by since the travellers had returned to England. The spring was merging into summer, trees were bursting into leaf, flowers scenting the air and carpeting the woods around the Abbey.

Reginald had begun to look something like himself again, and to enjoy with a new zest, the life which had been given back to him. Possibly it was the sense of how nearly she had

lost him, which had made Lilius so much gentler, so much more patient with her brother, perhaps it was only the new influence which was at work within her, the memory of the patience which had stood so hard a test.

Meanwhile, a new sphere had been opening out to Edmund. His uncle, as we have already seen, was dead, and the Grange had been left to him, as promised. It would not have been just to leave it otherwise, for Edmund was the next of kin; to pass him over for either of his sisters had been a grievous slur; yet the temper of old Isaac had been so uncertain, his anger towards his nephew so vindictive, that it was positive relief to all who wished that nephew well, when the will was opened. It is true that both in the wording, and in its provisions, it still left much to be desired. The harsh, unbending nature had been inexorable to the end, or if in his last moments, the exhortation of the priest, the knowledge of approaching death had lent a late but softening influence, his speech was already failing, and it had not found expression in words.

As to the will, it had been made and signed long months before, when his heart was still most wroth against him; and when the consciousness that Edmund was his rightful heir, had made his thoughts and words more harsh than they might otherwise have been.

For this was the effect of the will. After the usual preambles, lengthy and precise, as lawyers' documents are wont to be, it stated that after serious consideration of the conflicting claims of his two nieces and his nephew, he, Isaac, had decided upon making the latter his heir; not in consideration of his personal worth or merit, but as being the one next in succession; one, moreover, who having already received a severe lesson on the evils of unprincipled extravagance, might be less inclined a second time to reduce himself to beggary. He therefore devised the whole of his landed property, comprising the Charlton and Lyndon Manors; and bequeathed the furniture and moveable effects in and about his residence, to his nephew, Edmund Charlton, late of Everton; the residue of his personal estate, with the exception of five thousand pounds to Catherine Charlton, and five thousand pounds to Harriet Mary Charlton, sisters to the said Edmund, was given and bequeathed to "Maria Jane Harris, of Sydney," a distant relation of his mother, of whom few had ever heard him speak.

It was natural that Edmund and his sisters were much hurt, not so much by the provisions, as by the wording of the will ; the unnecessary insults and invectives it contained. But Edmund, though the most wounded, had as usual said the least. He did not envy the unknown relative the enormous savings of his uncle, though those savings had injured and impoverished the estate. He was thankful in his humility to have another chance allowed him ; he was thankful in his inmost heart that influence, position, would again be his ; but he thought of it, as in most things, for others, not for himself.

Edmund was a Catholic (not as Isaac had been in name only, but in very truth), and his religion was, as true religion must be, full of pardon and of love. He could not, even in the first moment of hurt feeling, give a harsher thought than pity to the man who had misjudged before insulting him. "He did not understand, he did not know," he thought ; "he blamed me, and I could not answer him ; it was not his fault *quite* that he misjudged me ;" and so he had stood beside his uncle's grave, and heard the solemn words of the Service of the Dead, with pity and forgiveness in his heart. When, afterwards, the harsh wording of the will came to him with—could he help it—a new shock of pain, he would not take back the pardon he had given ; but (doing himself, as he had once told Lillas that men ought to do) hushed the pain and the memory alike, far out of sight, forgiving as freely as he would wish himself to be forgiven.

But his sisters had been justly, even bitterly indignant. Even the gentle Harriet was aroused, and Catherine was furious. She could not keep her indignation to herself ; she was too proud indeed to speak of it to strangers—even to Mr. Bertram—but to Edmund she expressed herself without scruple, taking his part as she had never done before.

"It is perfectly disgraceful," she reiterated over and over again ; his very patience making her, if possible, more angry. "I am glad, after all, that you did not ask his pardon."

Once more that shade of pain rose to her brother's brow, and mingled with a grave reproach. Whatever might have been his indignation, he could not but remember that the man who had insulted him was dead, and he would therefore speak no blameful word of him. "It is harshly worded," he said, quietly, "but I should have been prepared for that. The arrangements otherwise are just. The money was his own : he could leave it as he chose."

"To a woman whom no one had ever heard of? He had *no* right. The wealth he saved and hoarded should have been yours. The place has gone to rack and ruin; it will take years to recover it. There is scarcely a farm-building in proper condition; and look at the house itself! Well, Edmund, I am glad you have it; but you will never be a rich man—never."

"I shall be richer than I ever thought to be again," he answered, with a smile. "I did not expect to be his heir. I had no right to look to him for anything."

"He could not help himself," she said, sharply. "You were the rightful heir after our father—would have had it if he had made no will—and Everton! O Edmund, if you had not cut off the entail."

Her words were graver, sadder than of wont. She had felt the loss of her old home, more deeply perhaps than anything else; she had been proud of it, attached to it—for itself, for its associations. A beautiful old post-and-plaster house, girt about with stately trees, smaller than the Grange, and the estate less valuable, but a dear old place all the same. It had been the home of the Charltons for many years (though not like the Grange, the cradle of their race), the scene of her earliest childhood; of the only happy hours her life had known; and pride and affection had been wounded to the quick when it passed, not blamelessly, into the hands of strangers. What wonder, then, that even now it seemed hard to forgive? But her words, her half-implied reproach, were not replied to. Edmund knew well how Everton had gone from him, the wrench which it had been to him to sign those deeds which saved his father's name at his own cost and ruin. The subject was a painful one, for many reasons, and yet he could not regret what he had done.

Presently Catherine spoke again, her tone gentler, her face thoughtful: "You are better far than I am, Edmund, that I know, yet you must wish that things had been left differently. How shall you manage to make ends meet? (when even I, with my experience, find it difficult), do up the place, repair the neglect of years, show hospitality? It is not possible."

But Edmund said that he would try; and presently the conversation changed.

Other interests at this time also engaged much of their attention. Harriet's marriage was no longer impossible, and Edmund wished it to take place so soon as their term of

mourning should be over. Oswald Graham had just been ordered out to India, and wished to take his young bride with him. Even before the death of Isaac, he had written to ask Edmund to use his brotherly influence with Harriet, to urge her to accede to her request—to end the long and weary waiting. This, the first friendly letter which had passed between them since the crash, had touched as well as saddened Edmund, recalling in full force the memory of the first bitterness of the friendship that had been so rudely shaken. He had been at Nice with Reginald at the time, but had written at once to his sister, pressing upon her with brotherly affection the little he had still to give, and speaking in warm praise of Oswald. But when the letter reached her, her uncle's health was breaking, and it had been impossible to leave him. Now this duty had passed from her, and once more free and no longer penniless, she could wed at last the man she loved, who had waited for her with so much constancy. Many times during his brief intervals of leisure, Edmund had set himself to arrange and plan for her, that all might be done well and fittingly, with the least possible delay. A quiet wedding, a short trip to Cornwall, a brief home-coming, and then away to the far East, for years. No thought of selfish regret at losing her, no yearning to detain her by his side, was listened to, or allowed to influence him; yet, in his secret heart, it did seem hard to part with her, so soon, after so long a separation. But Oswald also had been parted from her, and through him; to give her up to him was a fitting reparation. And thus, in spite of the near parting, the day would be a glad one, when Oswald and he met again as *brothers*, and took up the broken friendship of the past.

One day, when Edmund and Harriet were together, soon after his accession to the Grange, Catherine joined them, and the conversation drifted away from the absorbing subject of the wedding, to his own immediate interests and plans. His prospects in the House were touched upon; an interview with in-coming tenants; his arrangements for the summer, and after the Whitsuntide recess. He was wanted much in London for the next three months to come; and though his trying winter had hardly fitted him for a prolonged and arduous Parliamentary session, he felt that there was work he *must* do—to share the onerous labours of his party, and redeem the time which he had lost. His sisters would remain at Charlton, their home still as it had been so long; *his* home when he could

snatch a few brief hours to enjoy its quiet, and the warm welcome he looked forward to.

"We shall have to live a little quietly," he said; "there is so much to be done. I have been over the farms, and they want much spent on them to make them even liveable. I don't know much about this kind of thing, and I have consulted your old friend, Mr. Bertram. He thinks he can find me a good agent who will help to put things straight for me."

"That is a very wise plan," said Catherine, cordially. "I was afraid you would try to do everything yourself. After all, it is often a false economy, for one who has had neither training nor experience."

"I have had neither," replied Edmund, frankly, "and I will not risk another series of mistakes; besides, there are other things to do which I am pledged to. I cannot find time for both."

"Or strength either," said Harriet, gently. "Edmund, you must not overtask yourself. You were never very strong, you know; and this winter has told on you."

"I was not strong before I left."

"The more need then to take care now," said Catherine. "Well, Edmund, this agency relieves me greatly. We shall see harbour at last; but the place itself? what shall you do with it? I mean of course while you are in London."

"Will you not still be mistress here? I wish it, Catherine," as she hesitated.

"Quite impossible." The words came curtly in those determined tones.

"Catherine! Why not?" said Edmund, after a pause, whilst Harriet looked up in surprise. "I never intended or thought otherwise, nor imagined that you could do so; it is your home—as much or more than ever."

"I'm sorry, Edmund, but it can't be *that* to me: not even now that it is yours. I hate the place," she said, earnestly; "it is full of sad memories from one end to the other, and I want to begin again afresh. Besides," more lightly, "you will marry, of course—and I should not get on with your wife. You will not? well I think you will—and I should not get on better with *you*. We have lived these last years very differently and would not fit together at all."

"We could at least try to do so."

"I have no belief in trying. No, Edmund, it is quite true

what I am saying to you. You would not understand me—and your ways are not mine. I will stay until Harriet is married, and get the house in order for you ; and I will pay you a long visit when you want me ; but I have always wished to be free and independent, and I could not have a better opportunity."

"Stay here, and I will live in London."

"No, that would never do ; it is your home."

"I wish it to be yours."

"Thanks, Edmund, that it cannot be. I have just told you why. I have been much too miserable here. I *hate* it, and I have done so always—because things were so hard and narrow, and because—it was not Everton."

The rare tears shone in her dark, proud eyes, as she said this, but she went on presently, and her tone was hard. "You do not know what the last years have been, and every stone reminds me of the wretchedness. Oh! if it had not been for *her* sake, Edmund," she softened, as she looked towards her sister, "I think I should have gone out as a governess ; and that is the whole truth," she added, with a smile. "I thank you from my heart for your intentions, but it cannot be."

"You cannot live alone, Catherine ; and Harriet——"

"Do you think I had forgotten ? well, Edmund, even then ? I am not a mere girl remember. Three years younger only than yourself—much more fitted for the battle of life. No ; I shall settle down as an old maid. It is always what I have looked to come to ; make my own plans, and go my own way ; be at your service when you want me, and sometimes at Harriet's also. I like travelling, it improves the mind," she added, marking his dissatisfied gesture.

"Quite impossible," he said, using her own words.

"That we shall see. At any rate this is my wish ; so if you hear of a nice cottage anywhere, then Edmund, please remember. Perhaps I shall find something here," and she took up the local paper as she spoke.

"Will you live with me in London ?"

"I will not live with you anywhere, you most persistent of men. I have said my say, Edmund, and I mean it. My routine would not suit you, and I could not put up with a man bothering about all day. I don't mean to be unkind, but you will not understand me. A wilful woman maun gang her own way," and her smile was just a little like her brother's.

Edmund did not reply, he was both hurt and disappointed ; he did not and could not understand her reasoning. After these years of separation, it had been a joy to him to meet her. It should surely have been a pleasure to her also. It had been so, but in a different way. Their characters were entirely different, their trials had done different work ; they had hardened Catherine, and broken the old links, which years ago had bound her to her brother. His hopes, his aspirations, were different from hers. He had suffered more indeed, his lot had been the harder ; but the narrowness and the prejudice of her uncle's home had chilled her, and the rebound had come too late.

Still Catherine had said rightly, that she did not mean to be unkind. She knew intuitively, that they would not agree. Grave, sensitive, and somewhat frail in health as he was now, her quick, abrupt manner would jar continually upon her brother ; his nature, gentle and refined, would rouse hers to opposition. His sensitiveness irritated her ; her want of sympathy surprised and, sometimes, wounded him. As Catherine felt wisely, they were better apart.

There was another motive in her heart also, not a selfish one. She wanted him to marry, to make himself a home, to leave the old place which had been theirs for generations, some day, in the far distance, to children of his own. And foreseeing that, in his unselfishness, he would forget himself for her—would sacrifice the future to undo the past—she drew herself away from him ; that he must perforce seek other ties, and after these long lonely years be once more prosperous and happy.

It was many days before Catherine's wish was again spoken of. Edmund shrank from again entering on a subject which so troubled him ; but finding that his sister still clung to her first plan, he set himself to make it possible for her. The old dower-house at Rushton was unoccupied, where he himself had lived so long. It was within easy reach of Charlton, and would not seem so great a separation.

"I should like it of all things," said his sister, almost warmly, and so it was decided it should be.

Reviews.

I.—THE GOSPEL OF ST. LUKE.¹

WE are late in noticing Father Knabenbauer's Commentary on St. Luke, which through some accident has only recently reached us. With its appearance, the *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ* takes another step towards completion, which is now well within sight. Really the German Fathers of the Society are to be congratulated on the industry that has been able to accomplish so much within the short space of ten years.

The preceding Commentaries on St. Matthew and St. Mark will prepare the reader for the author's treatment of the third Gospel, but it is satisfactory to find that he has not shrunk from traversing again so much of the same ground rather than send us back to the earlier writings. The latter method, pursued though it was by the older commentators, is indeed no longer permissible now that we have learnt to distinguish so accurately the difference in the point of view between the Evangelists.

In an introductory section on the authorship of the third Gospel, Father Knabenbauer points out the importance of St. Luke's Gospel in determining the question of date, and thereby the credibility of all the Synoptic Gospels. That the third Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles are from the same hand is explicitly asserted in the Preface to the latter, and the similarity of style adds confirmatory evidence. But this means that the composition of the Gospel preceded that of the Acts, whilst the abrupt ending of the Acts with the arrival of St. Paul at Rome, when the author was with him, fixes down the end of the composition approximately to the year A.D. 63. Comparison between St. Luke and the other two Gospels shows that it was the latest written, and we are thus certified that these priceless narratives of our Lord's Life, Death, and Resurrection

¹ *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ. Evangelium secundum Lucam.* Auctore J. Knabenbauer, Soc. Jesu Presbytero. Paris : Lethielleux.

come down to us from a date too early to permit of any doubt about their credibility.

In another important respect, St. Luke's Gospel furnishes us with data for the accurate determination of our Lord's Life. St. Luke, in his Preface, declares to us that he had had recourse to those who had been eye-witnesses and ministers of the word (for this seems to be his meaning), and that he had been solicitous to ascertain the chronological order of the events. That this is the force of the term *καθεξῆς*,¹ has indeed been denied by many critics, but the arguments to which Father Knabenbauer appeals are surely conclusive as to the Evangelist's intended meaning. Elsewhere, in several places, he uses the same term and always of succession in time, nor does it appear how he could have contrasted his own method with that of others, if an order of ideas only was intended. No writer would have dispensed with that. Having decided that this is St. Luke's real meaning, Father Knabenbauer resolutely adheres to the principle throughout his commentary. On the whole, St. Luke and St. Mark run together in the sequence they assign to the events, and from his fourteenth chapter onwards, St. Matthew is in accordance with them; but wherever there is variation, St. Luke's express statement entitles us to take his order by preference as the most chronological, although of course we must take into account the possibility that even a chronological narrative might occasionally dispense with the order of time in small matters. The portion of the Gospel in which the Evangelist's adhesion to his principle seems least clear is that in which he traverses ground peculiar to himself. Here the events do not seem connected by so tight a bond, and they are of a kind which, not borrowing much of their significance from circumstances of time or place, might naturally have been classed together by one whose anxiety was only to preserve their contents. Still there are occasional notes of time and succession, even in this portion, and Father Knabenbauer infers that the chronological principle is in reality adhered to.

This commentary also has a very excellent introductory section on the peculiar scope of the third Gospel. Written, as the text of the Acts show, by a companion of St. Paul, who tradition assures us was St. Luke, the beloved physician, it was to be expected that it should reflect the special aims which the great

¹ St. Luke i. 3.

Apostle of the Gentiles was prosecuting, and this expectation on careful study of the text is found to be fulfilled. St. Paul's mission was to the Gentiles. Not indeed to them exclusively, for we find him regularly commencing his work in any centre to which he came by presenting himself in the synagogue to the Jews. But if commenced with them, his work looked beyond them, and his constant experience was that the Gentiles rather than the Jews formed the main portion of his converts.

Conformably with these circumstances, the third Gospel is found to select and narrate the facts of our Lord's Life in such a manner as—whilst insisting carefully on His relation to the Jewish nation, as that out of which He sprang, to which He first addressed Himself, and which would always have a special place in His Heart—bring into prominent relief that He had the Gentiles also in mind from the commencement, and looked forward to the time of their ingathering. Thus :

He avoids what might give offence to the Gentiles. It is not Luke, but Matthew who records that the Apostles were forbidden during their first mission to go into the way of the Gentiles. Nor does he tell us of the harsh manner in which our Lord may seem to have treated the Canaanitish woman. In Matthew we read, "Do not the Gentiles do this;" but in Luke, "The sinners do this." Moreover, Jesus is expressly described as bringing salvation to all. At His Nativity the angels announce peace to men of good-will. Simeon in the Temple praises the salvation which God had prepared before the face of all peoples, as a light to enlighten the Gentile. The genealogy of our Lord is carried back to the first man, to indicate, according to St. Irenæus and St. Chrysostom, that He is the Saviour of all. In the first Sermon which Luke records, Jesus commemorates blessings given by God to those of other nations in preference to the Jews, and in like manner he does not omit to notice that the Precursor preached to foreign soldiers (as well as to Jews), offering to them aid and salvation. In the region of the Gerasenes, Jesus leaves the possessed man healed, with instructions to tell all of the great things God had done for him.

And, in regard to the Jews, Father Knabenbauer points out how St. Luke, not content with narrating so much relating to our Lord's descent from their race, and their rejection of His claims, is perhaps beyond the others solicitous to give illustrations of the Divine tenderness towards the guilty race.

Paul excuses the rulers of the people; "for if they had known they would never have crucified the Lord of glory" (1 Cor. ii. 8), and displays a most affectionate feeling for his compatriots. (Romans ix. 1-9; x. 2; xi. 13.) Similarly Luke. For he shows how, along with threats

and rebukes, Jesus points out to them the way of salvation, and manifests the tenderness of His Heart. Thus (xiii. 3; v. 8), "Lord, spare it (the tree), this year also," is given only by St. Luke, as also the fact that, when drawing near to Jerusalem, He wept over it. (xix. 14.) . . .

Our Lord's love for sinners and forbearance with them is another aspect of His Divine Teaching on which, as Father Knabenbauer points out, St. Luke, like St. Paul, specially dwells. To him we owe the preservation of the story of Magdalen's restoration to grace, and the Parables of the Lost Sheep, the Lost Drachma, the Prodigal Son, the Publican and the Pharisee; and the words spoken to the Thief on the Cross.

These few words will suffice to point out both the character of St. Luke's Gospel, and the standpoint from which Father Knabenbauer views it in his expositions. Into the details of these expositions it is not necessary to enter; nor is it necessary to say anything further on his methods of commenting. By this time the *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ* is a familiar book on the shelves of those who take an interest in the Bible, and desire to receive aid for its interpretation from one who combines in himself a delicate appreciation of the value of language, and an extensive acquaintance, on the one hand, with the exegetical works of the Fathers and great Catholic commentators, and, on the other hand, with the learning, sound and unsound, of modern hermeneutics.

2.—THE RELIGIOUS CRISIS IN ENGLAND.¹

The main object which Père Ragey has had in view in his *Crise Religieuse en Angleterre* is to promote among his fellow-countrymen an Apostolate of Prayer for the return of the English nation to the Unity of the Faith. To such an apostolate Leo XIII. has invited us in his Letter *ad Anglos*, and we cannot feel too thankful to one who will advocate its extension among a noble people to whom English Catholicism already owes so large a debt of gratitude. It is not surprising therefore that Cardinal Vaughan should have written for the author a short letter of blessing and approval to be prefixed to his little volume.

¹ *La Crise Religieuse en Angleterre.* Par le Père Ragey, Mariste. Paris: Lecoffre.

But Père Ragey understands well that we must work as well as pray for the end we have at heart ; and he understands too how both prayer and work are sustained by a clear conception of the degree of hope which circumstances justify and of the nature of the work which is required. These are the two points with the consideration of which his pages are mainly occupied.

In common with certain others of his fellow-countrymen he believes that Corporate Reunion, that is to say, a Corporate return of the Anglican Church to Catholic Unity, is destined to be accomplished, if not at once, at all events in a future not so very far distant. Indeed he thinks the approach of our separated brethren towards this goal is going on just now at a very rapid rate. Referring to the contrary forecast so distinctly expressed by Cardinal Vaughan last September, he says :

Those who did not expect Corporate Reunion in the middle of 1895 may hope for it now. The movement commenced has received a sudden spur in an unexpected manner. Favourable signs have multiplied, and things are no longer what they were at the time when Leo XIII.'s letter appeared. Sometimes a ship rests stationary for entire days, and then suddenly a wind rises which in a few hours enables it to traverse a long distance. So is it with ideas. They too have their dead calms and their sudden breezes.

We English Catholics, with our deeper insight into the facts, cannot unfortunately take so glowing a view of their import and tendency. Doubtless the impression made by the Pope's Letter has been very beneficial, unexpectedly beneficial ; but it is an impression made on individuals, and very variously on these. The impression made on the Anglican Church as a Corporate body is simply *nil*. The Letter may prove eventually to have had striking results in attracting towards the Catholic Church large numbers of "units," but, so far as we can see, its effect, in regard to the question of "Corporate Reunion," has been only to bring out more distinctly its improbability. None the less, we have cause not to regret, but to rejoice, that our French brethren can take so optimistic a view, if only the effect upon them is to encourage them in their prayers and in their apostolic work, without, at the same time, misleading their zeal into channels that are really harmful. And here we are glad to have Père Ragey speaking out in no uncertain language on the importance of not allowing hopes of Corporate Reunion to retard individual conversions.

For persons, or groups of persons, sufficiently enlightened by grace to recognize the true Church, to put off their own union with this Church till the day of realization of a project of Corporate Reunion, which is only problematic, and in any case probably distant, would be an imprudence which might easily become contagious, thereby prejudicing the course of individual conversions and endangering the salvation of souls—an imprudence therefore to which the heads of the Catholic Church cannot remain insensible and against which it is their duty to protest.¹

Père Ragey, who has lived and worked on the English Mission, has also in many other respects gauged the position with an accuracy which will make his book of real use to his fellow-countrymen. He has appreciated the peculiar characteristics of the English non-Catholic mind, which make it seem often so near to the Catholic Faith, when in reality it is so remote from it, and he has quoted to good purpose from Mr. Sydney Little's article in the *Dublin Review*.² He has appreciated how completely an Anglican, even though in constant intercourse with Catholics, can move in an entirely different world of thought. He is correct likewise in stating that Catholics too often misunderstand altogether the mental attitude of their non-Catholic friends, although here perhaps he somewhat exaggerates. The converts who form a large body are by no means so incapable in this respect as he supposes, and the same must be said nowadays of many Catholics, not converts, who have given the subject careful attention. Père Ragey does not, in words, draw the conclusion to which these facts point, but he is evidently desirous of impressing on his countrymen, that if even English Catholics find English Protestants hard to understand, French Catholics must not be too sure that they can understand them so easily. And this is an important consideration for them to bear in mind just now lest they should be led to accept overtures as sufficient which are in fact most unsatisfactory.

And this brings us to a point of great consequence for all who have opportunities of discussing with non-Catholics the problems of Reunion. Père Ragey well says that assiduous explanation of Catholic doctrines and of the Catholic position is required. He draws indeed, following in the footsteps of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, a distinction between explanations and controversy, deprecating the latter as no longer advisable.

¹ P. 221.

² October, 1894.

This distinction we confess ourselves unable to understand, for what else is controversy save explanation supported and continued in the face of the objections it is sure to encounter. Probably, however, all that is meant is that explanation or controversy, whichever term is used, should be kindly and sympathetic, and should endeavour to give due weight to the mental difficulties of those to whom it is addressed. But what is of importance is to press upon non-Catholics the necessity of giving earnest attention to such explanations when offered, and of undertaking for themselves a serious and thorough inquiry into the grounds of the Catholic position. If Anglicans and other non-Catholics would only consent to this, the healing of present divisions on a proportionately large scale might be confidently expected. And, on the other hand, what causes us to hope so little from the movement which Lord Halifax is at present leading, is that its members persistently refuse to contemplate even the possibility of their own position being untenable and ours sound. What they demand is that the Catholic Church should do all the changing, not indeed so far as to renounce altogether the dogmas which are displeasing to Anglicans, but at least so far as to leave them open questions. We, of course, know well that from such dispositions no results can follow, and our whole endeavour should be, as in England it always has been, to point out, that the position of Anglicans and other non-Catholics being confessedly so unsatisfactory, they are not justified in taking up an attitude of non-inquiry, that they should rather say, "Involved as we are in endless divisions, we are clearly bound to sift the matter thoroughly." If our French brethren will join with us in pressing this truth upon the minds of the Reunionists, we shall feel greatly indebted to them.

3.—THE MONASTIC LIFE.¹

All readers of the volumes already published of Mr. Allies' great work upon *The Formation of Christendom*, will welcome this the eighth and in some respects the most interesting instalment of the history. Montalembert's *Monks of the West*, noble monument as it is of the genius and piety of the author,

¹ *The Monastic Life.* From the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. Eighth volume of *The Formation of Christendom.* By Thomas W. Allies, K.C.S.G. London: Kegan Paul, 1896.

is more honoured, we fancy, in name than in knowledge,—in other words, is more often taken for granted than read. Mr. Allies covers in great part the same ground, though much more compendiously. He begins with the monks of the desert in the fourth century, and brings us down to that great dividing line of the middle ages which is marked by the consecration of Charlemagne. If Mr. Allies has not been at any great pains to avail himself of the researches or the speculations of the most recent scholarship, he has done what many recent scholars have failed to do, read deeply and wisely in the primary authorities for his subject—the official documents of the Holy See as they are recorded in Mansi, the works of the Fathers, the histories of Bede and Gregory of Tours, and the *Acta* of Mabillon. Our author is generous in quotations—wisely, we think. He makes St. Athanasius tell us all about the beginnings of monasticism. Later on, in his account of Anglo-Saxon England, he has often preserved the words of Bede; and in summing up the powerful effect exercised by the new institution in its first developments, he cites at length the singularly forcible passage in the first book of St. Augustine's *De Moribus*, remarking very truly:

From these words of St. Augustine we learn that the institute, of which the first knowledge was brought to Rome by St. Athanasius in 340, which St. Jerome asserts to have been unknown and ignominious in popular opinion when Marcella introduced it among the Roman aristocracy, had become in 388 a well-known, practised thing. And St. Augustine's own life shows how powerfully it had affected his own mind. It entered into his conversion with decisive effect. The idea of monastic life formed an inseparable portion of his spiritual being.¹

In the six chapters which trace the further growth of monasticism after its first beginnings, the order followed is partly chronological and partly local. The chapter entitled the "Blessing of St. Benedict," gives the history of that great founder, who spoke of his institute as "The School of the Lord's Service," and whose Rule is praised by Bossuet as, "A summing up of Christianity, a learned abridgment of the whole doctrine of the Gospel, of all the institutions of the Fathers, and of all the counsels of perfection." In the account of early religious life in Ireland, a great deal of information has been collected concerning SS. Patrick and Columban, the Irish monks who made Ireland, as it were, one vast monastery, so

¹ P. 63.

numerous were the houses founded under their guidance ; while the influence of their missionary spirit had at least a share in completing and confirming the conversion of England begun by the monk St. Augustine. The three royal Abbesses, SS. Hilda, Elfleda, and Etheldreda, form the subject of an interesting chapter called "Three Nuns of Odin's Race," and another section is devoted to St. Boniface, that Saxon monk of Devon who went to convert Germany, and with his followers spread the faith throughout that country, receiving the crown of martyrdom as his own reward. Without attempting to give a more detailed account of its contents, we have said enough to show how full of interest and instruction the volume is, and we can only recommend our readers to get it and study it for themselves.

A work which covers so much ground, and which gives evidence of so much labour and research, to a great extent disarms criticism. Every one will recognize that occasional minor slips are inevitable, but we may venture perhaps to suggest that there is apparent at times some little want of order and connection in the arrangement of these vast materials. For instance, the renunciation of Queen Etheldreda is touched upon on p. 200, and again on p. 269, before it is finally related in detail on p. 277. So the baptism of Eanfleda appears at pp. 219, 254, and 256, her intercession with Oswy at pp. 231 and 256, and the dedication of their daughter at pp. 232 and 267. A more detailed Index might perhaps have been of service in detecting some of these repetitions, but it is only fair to say, on the other hand, that the Table of Contents at the beginning is excellent.

4.—SPELMAN'S HISTORY OF SACRILEGE.

Although opinions will always differ widely as to the conclusiveness of the argument from induction which is developed in Sir Henry Spelman's famous *History of Sacrilege*, we cannot do otherwise than welcome the edition, by which at a moderate, but not by any means too moderate cost, Mr. Hodges has once more rendered the work accessible to the general public. It would be useless to enter here upon the merits and the equally

¹ *The History and Fate of Sacrilege.* By Sir Henry Spelman, with an Appendix bringing the work up to present date by the Rev. C. F. S. Warren. London: John Hodges, 1895.

conspicuous defects of a work so well known. We will only say that the additional notes, by Dr. Eales and the Rev. C. Warren, have not in any substantial respect altered the character of the original book, either for better or worse. It is not every one who is aware that Sir Henry Spelman's thoughts were first directed to the subject of the ill fortune under which the holders of Church property seemed to labour, from a personal experience of his own. He had purchased a lease of the nunnery of Blackburgh and priory of Wormegay in Norfolk, and he thereby became involved in costly and complicated proceedings in Chancery. These must have lasted for more than ten years, for the litigation which commenced under Lord Chancellor Egerton was continued during the tenure of office of three of his successors, Lord Bacon, Bishop Williams, and Sir Thomas Coventry. Lord Bacon gave a decision against Spelman, in which instance he seems to have accepted from Spelman's adversary "a suit of hangings of the value of eight score pounds," one of the matters complained of in the proceedings which led to his dismissal from office. Though Williams reversed this decree, Sir Henry declared that he himself was in the end "a great loser and not beholden to fortune, yet happy in this that he was out of the briars, but especially that hereby he first discerned the infelicity of meddling with consecrated places." Of Spelman's opponents in the litigations, John Wrexham was "never the richer for it," and after being censured in the Star Chamber was condemned to lose his ears in the pillory. Another, Sir Edward Fisher, spent some £8,000 in costs and in bribery and disappeared nobody knew where. In an age when every public calamity was appealed to by men of all religions and all classes as a conclusive indication of the verdict of Heaven upon terrene affairs, many a less superstitious man than Sir Henry Spelman might have been led to infer that all this evil fortune could only be explained by some supernatural cause.

As for the present re-issue, we cannot disguise our opinion that the form in which it appears is by no means creditable to the firm which publishes it. The title-page announces that the work is brought up to present date, and there is an Appendix of thirty pages which comments in a random and disorderly fashion upon sundry statements in the text and in the introductory matter of the 1846 edition; but no attempt has been made to incorporate these notes in the Index—in itself an

extremely negligent piece of work—and the very first reference in the Appendix is made to a note in the Preface which somehow does not appear. Considering the price at which the volume is issued, we might reasonably expect to find these matters more carefully attended to.

5.—HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.¹

This volume is a continuation of the author's studies on the history of the French Revolution, and embraces the period between the 6th of October, 1789, and the ceremony of the 14th July, 1790. Its features of popular interest are many. The book opens with the arrival of the royal family at the Tuileries on the night of the 6th of October, 1789. The palace is in great measure out of repair and unfit for habitation. The royal family are enthusiastically received by the Parisian crowd, more fickle than Shakespeare's typical mob whom Mark Antony swayed at will. Power is shown in the description of the murder of the baker François. Detected concealing a few little loaves from these famished patriots, nothing could save him from their fury, neither the civil authority nor the intercession of the Queen, nor the weighty fact that he had already distributed to them the entire results of seven bakings. He was promptly hurried off, and with every indignity hung from a gibbet in the sight of his young wife. The varied intrigues of Mirabeau are well portrayed, and his early relations with the Court, notably his private interview with Marie Antoinette, which produced a powerful though transient effect on his susceptible nature. Next comes the mock trial and sentence of death passed on Thomas de Mahy, Marquis de Favras, with the obvious intention of terrifying those who wished to serve the King. The people wanted the blood of a man who could be truly called an aristocrat. All pomp and circumstance must be used in the carrying out of the sentence, the solemn *amende honorable* made by the victim, torch in hand, before the doors of Notre Dame, and the execution by torchlight before the eyes of the assembled thousands watching to see that they were not balked of their prey. Another good picture given us is that of the universal oath taken by all classes when, with cannon thundering, drums beating, flags flying, and every theatrical

¹ *La Chute de l'ancienne France, La Fédération.* Par Marius Sepet. Paris: Victor Retaux, 82, Rue Bonaparte.

display so dear to Frenchmen of all times, with one hand on their breasts, the other pointing to heaven, they swore "fidelity to the nation, the laws, and the King." These, together with the closing incident of the book, the festive celebration of July 14th, cannot fail to prove of interest to the general reader. It is the historian, however, who will most appreciate this book, compiled as it is, not from previous works, but from the minutes of the Parliamentary debates, and from the Journal of Adrien Duquesnoy, a manuscript hitherto unknown, which throws much light on the undercurrent of intrigues as disclosed in private letters and conversations of leading politicians.

6.—A MANUAL OF ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION.¹

There are a certain number of sanguine people who are persuaded that English in the course of a century or so is to become the universal language of the world. Given phonetic spelling, that may perhaps be possible, without it the supposition appears to us in the highest degree extravagant. We have never realized so clearly before what learning English means for a foreigner until we came to examine the book on English pronunciation which Father Alezais has prepared for his countrymen. The work is excellent in itself. It attacks the subject with an appreciation of the real difficulties of the case startling to those who have never had to study English from outside, and the skill with which Father Alezais has managed to define by mere verbal description *nuances* of pronunciation which one might think could only be taught by the living voice, seems to us worthy of the highest praise. It is curious for an Englishman to learn from Father Alezais that he does all sorts of things in his articulation of ordinary words, which he certainly never dreamed of doing. One is almost as astonished to be confronted with this classified list of minute differences as M. Jourdain was to discover that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it. At the first blush we have frequently felt inclined to resent the imputation, but reflection and experiment have convinced us that in most cases Father Alezais is right. We do not remember, for instance, ever to have seen it so clearly stated before that Englishmen

¹ *Traité de Prononciation Anglaise.* Par le R. P. Raymond Alezais, S.J. Paris: C. Klincksiek, 11, Rue de Lille, 1895.

make a considerable difference in the length of the same vowel sound. The author tells us that in *words*, *chirp*, and *purposely*, the same vowel is in the first case long, in the second short, and in the third, of medium quantity. These distinctions are to some extent tabulated in the book before us, and the writer shows quite a wonderful dexterity in reducing our inconsistencies to rule, and to this extent assisting the memory of his pupils. In the matter of accent also, primary and secondary, we find here the results of a singularly close and, we think, accurate study of the habits of Englishmen, gathered, not from books, but from the living voice. That a good many Englishmen will be tempted to deny the truth of Father Alezais' classifications and refinements, does not so much persuade us that he is wrong as that with the great majority amongst us the process is so spontaneous and unconscious that we have lost the power of even observing distinctions and hearing ourselves as others hear us. On the other hand, if we may venture upon a criticism which is not in any sense a censure, we think that Father Alezais has aimed, if anything, at too great completeness in his manual. He has thus been tempted to include in his book a considerable number of dictionary words, the pronunciation of which he cannot have studied by personal observation, for the simple reason that they are rarely or never heard upon the lips of Englishmen in ordinary conversation. It is for this reason that he has been betrayed now and again into errors of no great importance indeed, but matters which catch the eye in turning over the pages of his little volume. Father Alezais' lists would often be more accurate if they were shorter, and if he had not been so ready to trust the compilers of our English dictionaries, often more ignorant and far more unobservant than himself. We can only express our best wishes for the success of a work which bears so many traces of patient and intelligent study at first-hand as this little treatise of Father Alezais.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

WE have received from the enterprising firm of Picard et Fils, of Paris, a volume likely to prove extremely useful to all who are seriously interested in liturgical studies. This com-

pendious *Glossary of Greek Liturgical Terms*,¹ must have cost its author an amount of research which can be very inadequately estimated from the number of its pages. As far as we have had an opportunity of inspecting it, M. Léon Clugnet has performed his task with great judgment, and must possess a very thorough knowledge of the subject of which he is treating. He has not only given a very accurate account of the technical terms to be found in the text and the rubrics of the Greek service books, together with the nearest French equivalents, but he has consulted the convenience of his readers by drawing up a list of those equivalents in alphabetical order, so that we are provided with what is practically a French-Greek dictionary in the same subject-matter. No one interested in early Christian literature can look through the pages of this handy little volume without coming across something or other which will instruct or interest him. Let us take a single example befitting the present season. In the *Exultet*, or benediction of the Paschal candle, of which our readers may have learnt something in an article in the last issue of THE MONTH, a passage referring to the *substantia pretiosæ hujus lampadis* is taken as the signal for lighting all the lamps of the church. It is sufficiently obvious from the context that the reference in the mind of the composer of the *Exultet*, was not to oil lamps, but to the Paschal candle itself. Now, one finds in the Catacombs, representations of the Parable of the Virgins, *cum lampadibus suis*, in which the five prudent virgins are awaiting the Bridegroom each with a tall candle lighted in her hand, while the foolish sisters have allowed their precisely similar candles to fall extinguished to the ground. It is interesting therefore in M. Clugnet's glossary to turn up this entry, *λαμπάς-ἄδος, ἡ, Cierge de grande taille. Voy, κηρίον.*

The Catholic Truth Society has laid all of us under a great obligation, by issuing, at the modest price of one penny, the *Lay Folk's Mass Book*, the old mediæval "method of hearing Mass," composed somewhere about the date of Magna Charta, and popular in after centuries. Here we clearly see, as Mr. Costelloe points out in the excellent introduction he has prefixed to it, that in the first place the Mass was then just what our Mass is now, and in the second, that in those dark ages the people were well and soundly instructed. Admirable

¹ *Dictionnaire Grec-Français des Noms Liturgiques en usage dans l'Eglise Grecque.* Par Léon Clugnet. Paris: Alphonse Picard, 1895.

indeed is the spirit of the rhyming prayers here provided for the various stages of Holy Sacrifice, while the intervals between them are to be filled up chiefly by reciting the *Pater, Ave*, and *Credo*. Nothing could be more solid in the way of devotion, and it would be hard to be more simple and touching.

An admirable tract in another way is Father Brown's on the burning subject of School Boards,¹ in which are contrasted the expenditure of Board Schools and Voluntary Schools, on sites, buildings, administration, and maintenance. As Father Brown told the annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society, the other day, infinite harm is done, or, at the very least, a vast amount of power is wasted, by ignorance of the details of the subject on the part of those who undertake publicly to treat of it. It is intricate and complex, and needs study, which is just what some zealous persons are least inclined to give. Here, however, is given in a nutshell, with extreme care and admirable lucidity, a mass of information, which every device of typography is used to set in the clearest light. No one who intends to do anything for the all-important cause of our schools, should fail to make himself thoroughly master of its invaluable contents.

It is an excellent idea to provide the laity with compendious lives of the Saints, such as are supplied to the clergy in the Breviary Lessons. This is attempted in the leaflets now issuing from the *Messenger* office, at Wimbledon. The first specimens of the series, now before us, treat of *Saints of the Society of Jesus*, various of the Japanese Martyrs having been selected. Each biography, carefully compiled, occupies but four small pages, and the leaflet containing it is easily carried in a prayer-book. These excellent little tracts are eminently suitable for distribution, otherwise the smallness of their price² may not improbably prove a bar to their circulation, and therefore to their usefulness.

¹ *Our School Boards* . . . By the Rev. W. E. Brown, Hon. Sec. Catholic League of South London. Catholic Truth Society. One Penny.

² 1s. per 100.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (April 18, 1896.)

The recent Amnesty and Political Crimes. Modern Botany. Freemasonry and Miss Diana Vaughan. Rita, a tale. Reviews. Natural Science. Chronicle.

The ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (April 15, 1896.)

The American Woman. *Father Burnichon, S.J.* The Struggle for Life, Serum and Diphtheria. *Father Martin, S.J.* Is Faith within the reach of all? (concluded) *Father Tournèize, S.J.* Mistral. *Father Cornut, S.J.* Clovis and St. Clothilda. *Father Chérot, S.J.* The French Protectorate of Chinese Missions. *Father S. B.* Christian Secular Life in the Nineteenth Century. *Father Van den Brule, S.J.* Calvin, the Jesuits, and M. Sabatier. *Father Brucker, S.J.* The True Portrait of Mme. de Grignan. *Father Bremond, S.J.* Chronicle.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA-LAACH. (March, 1896.)

Fundamental Positivism and Social Democracy. *Father Cathrein, S.J.* The Fundamental Laws of Ancient Semitic Poetry. *Father Zenner, S.J.* Animal Phosphorescence. *Father Wasmann, S.J.* Peter as the Foundation-Stone of the Church. II. *Father Kneller, S.J.* Pascal's Thoughts. *Father Kreiten, S.J.* Reviews. Notices. Miscellany.

—(April, 1896.)

Penal Justice in the Future. *Father Cathrein, S.J.* St. Peter and the Church. III. *Father Kneller, S.J.* Santa Croce, Florence. *Father Meschler, S.J.* Confederation and Co-operation. *Father Pesch, S.J.* Pascal's Thoughts. III. *Father Kreiten, S.J.* Reviews and Notices. Miscellany.

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. (2nd Quarter, 1896.)

When and where was the *Liber de Rebaptismate* compiled? *J. Ernst.* Gretser's Writings on the Cross. *H. Hirschmann.* The Crown of Catacomb Exploration, and its Relations to Dogma. *E. Lingens, S.J.* Reviews and Notes.

REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (April.)

Abyssinia, the Erythrean Colony and Russia. *L. Witebski.* Socialism and Charity. *C. Woeste.* The Menace of the

Yellow Races. *A. Allard*. The Higher Studies of the English Catholic Clergy. *Dr. L. C. Casartelli*. The Railway across the Sahara. *E. Carotte*. Modern Etchers. *W. Ritter*. Serial Story, Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (April.)

Protestant Biblical Criticism and the Old Testament. *Dr. Selbot*. A Caricature of Cardinal Manning. *Dr. A. Bellesheim*. Human Freedom and the "Præmotio Physica." *Dr. F. Zigon*. Codification of German Law. *Dr. L. Bendix*. Lorch and Passau. *Dr. G. Ratzinger*. Reviews, &c.

LA QUINZAINE. (April 1st and 15th.)

Catholic and Roman. *Abbé Duchesne*. Solicitors—a Study in Morals. *H. Joly*. Income Tax. *A. Honnorat*. Martial Delpit. *P. B. des Valades*. Intellectual Virility. *L. Ollé-Laprune*. Lenten Preachers. *G. Fonsegrive*. Diary of a Parisian under the Terror. *E. Biré*. The Anglican Church and Reunion. *M. Richard*. [The writer of this article professes to give a more than usually well-informed account of the state of feeling in England on the Anglican Orders controversy. Few English Catholics or Protestants either would accept his estimate of the position. It is not encouraging to find that in his depreciative comments on the action of Cardinal Vaughan, he mis-spells the Cardinal's name Waughan wherever it occurs.] Abyssinia and the Italian Government. *P. Thirion*. Gascons in Diplomacy. *G. d'Azambuja*. Francis Parkman on the French Colonization of North America. *A. Geffroy*. The Licensing Question in France. *Dr. Surbled*. Reviews, &c.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (April.)

Benedictine Congregation of Exempts in Belgium. *Dom U. Berlière*. Venerable John Roberts, O.S.B. *Dom Bede Camm*. Recent Benedictine History. *Dom U. Berlière*. Anti-Masonic Literature. Obituary. Reviews.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (April, 1896.)

Faith and Science. *Mgr. J. Rosier*. Intellectual Virility. *L. Ollé-Laprune*. The Fourteenth Centenary of the Baptism of France. *E. Léotard*. Philosophy in Primary Schools. *E. Perrin*. À La Fontaine from Languedoc. *Abbé Delfour*. Difficulties of Catholicism in Canada. Recent Theology. Reviews, &c.

